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The Living Age

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From Beginning

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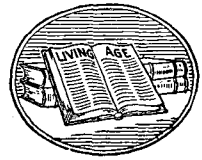

THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

The Year of Revolution, from the *Sozialistische Monatshefte;* **The Question of the Dardanelles,** from *Le Figaro;* **Austria in Extremis,** from the *Corriere della Sera;* **Socialism in Japan,** from the *Japan Chronicle;* **A German Workingman Writes,** from *Lokal Anzeiger;* **Lloyd George on Ireland,** from the *Times;* **In Besieged Petrograd,** from *L'Opinion.*

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THE LIVING AGE
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JANUARY 24, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE is still discussing President Wilson with more acrimony than charity. Daniel Halévy was one of the President's earliest champions in France, occupying in that country much the same position that Professor M. J. Bonn held in Germany. His recent estimate of Wilson which we are translating from *L'Opinion* is in better temper than many of the articles now appearing in the French journals.

THE intimate connection between Russian propaganda and disquieting revolutionary activity in our own country makes Russian problems in a degree our own. The article we publish upon the present status of Bolshevism, by Hans Vorst, is written by one of the most competent authorities upon Russian affairs in Germany. Vorst has been a consistent opponent of Bolshevism since his return from Moscow and Petrograd, where he had an opportunity of seeing the system in operation during the first year of Bolshevist rule. Even before that he opposed most of the policies that made Germany hated by its eastern neighbors, and he has in his own country the prestige — and perhaps some of the unpopularity — that befalls men entitled to say, 'I told you so.'

Readers of the LIVING AGE who have been distressed by the recent defeats of the armies opposed to the Bolskeviki will perhaps recall two passages from an article upon the situation in Russia, printed in our issue of August 2, 1919. ''They' (the volunteer armies) 'have fought against Bolshevism long enough to make it very strange that they have won no ground, but are rather losing it, or suffering, like Skoropadsky, a complete defeat. Why is this so? It is because Russian democracy does not trust them and will not help them overthrow Bolshevism in order to set up reaction in its place. . . . Bullets and swords cannot kill Bolshevism, even though all the world outside of Russia rise against it. Democracy at home will force Bolshevism to surrender and will then organize a new Russia — a democratic Russia.'

Vorst suggests a third possibility — a military revolt, which is hardly likely to be inspired by democratic motives. This suggestion adds interest to an account of a visit to the Bolshevist front, published in a recent issue of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. 'The soldiers of the Red army, in their brown overcoats and tan shoes, give an impression of being well-equipped and

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well-fed, and so far as one can learn from their statements, they are contented. The cry, "Everything for the army," which has been heard throughout Russia since the beginning of the war, seems to have brought results, much to the disparagement of every man who does not wear a uniform. . . . The old imperial officers have now been restored to actual command, after having served for a period as so-called specialists, under the careful control of Soviet inspectors.'

VIENNA is a dramatic example of the distress which war has visited upon the greater part of Europe. More than two million people are facing more or less immediate starvation. The trained workers of a great manufacturing and commercial centre are being pauperized by forced unemployment, while an impoverished world is losing both their present services and their future skill and industrial morale. Of course this is a heritage from the political and economic sins of former generations. But were the emergency not so urgent, we might pause to ask whether we are not committing equally grievous political errors during this era of expiation.

The appeal which Vienna's starving women and children make to the civilized world, is being heard in many quarters. Even Germany has responded from its scanty larder. Food and wearing apparel are being gathered at school centres in Berlin for the destitute of the sister metropolis. Behind this charity some political calculation may mingle with sympathy for a kindred people, with whom the Germans have recently been united in war and with whom they maintain close social ties.

However, the article upon Vienna published in this issue comes from one of the most radical papers in Germany — a source not likely to be inspired by reminiscences of the old imperialism. But possibly the author stresses the case against the new national states organized from the territories of the former Austrian Empire, because many of the policies of their government go counter to the international programme of the Socialists.

IF recent events have taught the average American more about Europe than he ever knew before — or perhaps cared to know — they have also illumined American affairs in an unwonted way for Europeans. Naturally our attitude toward the treaty is a matter of immediate interest on the other side of the water. We might expect a more intelligent appraisal of the obstacles which the Constitution and unwritten precedents opposed to our unqualified adoption of the League of Nations Covenant from Englishmen than from the people of the Continent; for our habits of political thought have been determined by our inheritance of English law — both private and public — and by English legal thought.

This respect for established usages — for both the word and the spirit of tradition — is interpreted by European observers as a new and awkward phase of American idealism. The French, sorely pressed by post-war problems, do not see why this sentiment should not defer to the practical exigencies of the hour. The more philosophic Germans contemplate with serenity what they predict will be our inevitable yielding to the logic of history. These three phases of opinion with respect to America's action upon the treaty, are illustrated in the three articles we publish by Sydney Brooks, C. Bougle, and Paul Rohrbach.

GERMANY has not forgotten its old interest in the Orient, nor is it

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indifferent to the prospect of possible future friction between Japan and America, which may open the way to international complications from which it may profit. Consequently, the disposition of its press is to emphasize rumors of unfriendliness between ourselves and our eastern neighbors. The article we publish on the Shantung controversy summarizes the material factors in that problem as they appear to a former German expansionist. It is characteristic of that school of political thought, in overlooking moral influences and emphasizing economic influences as forces determining international policy. Like the preceding article, it is taken from a periodical representing the Liberal wing of German economic imperialism.

IT was predicted that Europe's economic prostration would reach its most critical point the present winter. The truth of this prediction is now apparent. Sir George Paish, who is at present in this country on a financial mission, is known as an urgent advocate of immediate international action, and especially of American aid, for the financial rehabilitation of the recently belligerent countries. Of course, it is easier to propose general remedies than to work them out in practical detail, or to secure the unanimous consent of several governments to those details when perfected. The larger problem is well posed in the contribution to the *Manchester Guardian*, which we republish, and which is incidentally a plea for the speedy ratification of the peace treaty.

MR. BALFOUR is worth a hearing even when he reviews familiar facts. Especially interesting is his estimate, in the recent parliamentary speech from which we quote, of the relative devastation wrought by the Napoleonic wars and by the recent war; for we hear more optimistic parallels drawn in our own country. He voices the concern that every well-wisher for civilization feels in the continued harmonious coöperation of England and America; and his inconclusive utterances about Russia only illustrate the point made in the opening paragraph of the article upon that country that we print below, to the effect that no rift is yet visible through the clouds that veil our vision of Russia's future.

EDUCATIONAL reform and political revolution have gone hand in hand in Germany. Radical changes have been made in the system of public instruction for the purpose of bringing together children of both sexes and from all ranks of society in the earlier grades, of giving pupils a voice in the administration of middle and higher schools, and of calling parents into conference with teachers and educational authorities to discuss matters affecting the relation of the school to the home. Compulsory religious instruction is being abolished in many places, and history courses have been revolutionized — at least in the formal programme — by substituting radical or extremely liberal social and political ideals for the old monarchical and military theories of life and government. Consequently, Max Harden's description of the moral and political training of a German school boy, which we take from *Zukunft*, describes a condition that has already passed out of existence. But it explains, in Harden's characteristic style, the methods by which a nation's mind may be modeled into shapes too perverse to be credible, until a great historic tragedy reveals their reality.

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THE publication of the 'Kautsky' documents has been followed by a flood of criticism, commendation, and extenuation in the German papers, according to their respective political sympathies. At one extreme the *Hamburger Nachrichten* insists that the venerable Socialist leader who supervised their collection 'is no German, but a Czech,' while at the other extreme, *Vorwärts* reviews the Kaiser's memoranda under the caption, 'A Fool by the Grace of God.' In general the effect has been to illustrate again that German unity does not begin at home. However, the article we publish by Count Montgelas, one of the editors of the compilation, deals only with such dispassionate aspects of the subject as the methods followed by the editors and the technical difficulties they encountered. Naturally, having made their own revelation, the Germans now say to their opponents: 'Go thou and do likewise.'

But recent history has not yet sailed clear of politics in any of the recently belligerent countries. And until the two are fairly sundered, such revelations will serve mainly as material for party polemics. We see this in the review of Lord Loreburn's book which we publish in connection with the Montgelas article. The review is surely not objective, but it shows how the same controversy as to international politics that is now raging in our country has constantly bred dissension in British political history. Those who advocate national isolation and those who seek closer ties with neighboring nations, will always be in opposite camps, whether they propose future policies or try to interpret the history of the war.

RESPONSIBILITY for the outbreak of the war appears to interest the German public less than responsibility for the conduct of the war — and particularly for certain of its phases, like the submarine campaign, which brought about the decisive intervention of America. Even victorious combatants are prone to review the faults of their commanders. If we recall rightly, the conduct of the Civil War was at one time the subject of a prolonged investigation at Washington. Great Britain has recently made public reports upon its early failures at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia. The parliamentary inquiry now being conducted in Germany is resolving itself into an investigation of this character. We shall take opportunity in an early issue to give some account of these proceedings as they appear to the nation most directly interested in their revelations.

War history is present politics in Germany. It continues to be one of the live issues between reaction and reform. Therefore, it is doubtful whether such inquiries will be sufficiently free from party bias — to say nothing of national bias — to command the confidence of future historians. But these inquiries continue to make political capital for the revolution, because they discredit the former popular heroes and their ideals.

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[*L'Opinion, December 6, 1919*]

IN REGARD TO PRESIDENT WILSON

BY DANIEL HALÉVY

It seems that I am guilty. They have detected me. I wrote a book praising President Wilson and demonstrating that he was a great man — at least this is what they tell me and how they translate my ideas. That is my crime.

So be it. I hear the complaint and I reply. I detest prefaces, but am much interested in post-faces — at least in theory, for I actually know of very few. Authors have short memories for the works they have completed, and in any case they take little interest in studying the wrinkles and defects of those old friends.

I shall write, along with a 'post-face' for my old book, a prospectus of a new book to be written at a more favorable moment, where I shall describe the days of trial of my hero, of my unhappy chief, the days that helped to wreck his health and to destroy his work.

I first became interested in Wilson in the spring of 1916. He was then the object of general attack. He made the somewhat ridiculous figure of a pacifist involved in a row, where he receives on his own back the very blows that he would prevent. He was incessantly publishing new notes. His typewriter had become a common joke. He was caricatured tapping its keys face to face with Kaiser Wilhelm, who was training cannon on him. All these pleasantries and insults seemed to me premature. I am not naturally hostile to the heads of governments, but try to judge them leniently. I pity them for the hard position in which they find themselves. I admire that disposition which inspires them to attack problems that are clearly insoluble, and to seek to use for profitable ends the fleeting passions of the populace. It is an indispensable vocation. It is not one for which I am fitted. I gladly withdraw in favor of others, and have no quarrel with them for their taste.

I then felt, and I still feel, consideration and pity for this college professor, this man of modest presence, whom the chances of an election and the hazard of a triangular political contest in which he did not receive a majority of votes, invested with the highest of offices, at the most tragic moment in the greatest cyclone that ever devastated the political world. What did people criticize? His pulpit style? But why so? Every nation, and above all, every democracy has its peculiar method of expression, its idealism, and if you will, its hypocrisy. Let us not pretend to be affronted by it. What other criticisms have people to make? That he did not declare war. That appears to me both inconsiderate and unjust. Inconsiderate, for our desire that he should do so was too keen to leave our judgment unbiased; unjust, because both our eagerness and our ignorance forbade our appreciating the tremendous problems faced by the men responsible for the great task of directing the American people. Did I say men? I should have said man. Mr. Wilson alone was responsible. He alone was the one called upon to act.

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What sort of a man was he? I was anxious to know. I read his biographies and everything that he had written. I was surprised to discover that this pietist, this prophet, was at heart a clear-headed realist. He was a realist by habit of thought, a jurist profoundly conversant with the laws of his country, a historian enlightened upon the causes and the justice of wars and convinced that it was right to employ force. He was a realist by temperament, the ruler of a nation, the president of a republic, who conducted affairs of state with skill and resolution and success. Having learned this much, my interest in the study of this personality centred in one question. How are the idealist and the realist in Mr. Wilson related? How are these two antagonistic sides of his nature, one turned toward the outer world, the other toward the silence of his soul, to be reconciled? To have seen this problem and to have stated it clearly was doubtless my most valuable service, and it places me in a position to resume my task and complete it at some future time along the lines I have already sketched.

I suggested an answer at that time. I believed that the realist dominated the idealist. I saw this cold, prudent, persistent man slowly—very slowly indeed, for that is a fault of Anglo-Saxons, but wisely and skillfully—working out his ideas as a sort of super-demagogue. A sentence in his book upon *The State* had impressed me: He said that nations are groups capable of developing tremendous powers of progress or resistance. That the rule of majorities was an invention of the modern world, and that the art of statesmanship was to arouse, sustain, and direct this new force. I saw Mr. Wilson practising the very art which he had so well defined.

I formed this hypothesis at a happy moment. The course of events had not yet demonstrated its truth, but they were on the point of doing so in a brilliant manner. I told my friends, 'This man is no dreamer. He is no pacifist. He will make war and he will pursue it to the bitter end, for he is a man of obstinate determination.' My friends would not listen to me. They were wrong. I was right. I concluded my book with a reference to President Wilson's speech of July, 1917, immediately after the declaration of war, in which he vigorously predicted things which most people still refused to see. He said that America was ready to call to its colors thousands, hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions of men. Not many of his fellow citizens really thought this would be done. Who was there in France at that moment who really believed that millions of Americans would come to shed their blood on our own soil? I recall that in spite of the assiduous study that had pointed out to me a path to truth, I myself hardly dared to believe this. But I was listening to the words of a man who spoke with irresistible persuasion. I refused to give up hope. I wrote in support of my opinion during the darkest months that France has ever experienced, and if my book reveals the fervor of the propagandist, if certain expressions are somewhat forced or overdrawn, I say frankly that I am neither surprised nor embarrassed nor repentant. That magnificent tide of American youth that swept across mourning France in July, 1918, was due to the energy and the foresight of President Wilson alone. I am grateful to him, and I admire him for it.

This does not mean that I regard him as a man of first calibre. A truly great man is something different—something peculiarly rare. I have never viewed nor described Mr. Wilson

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in this character. I buried myself for four or five months in his writings. I found them interesting but not inspiring. I was never moved by them to that profundity of sentiment, that exaltation of mind which indubitably announce the presence of true greatness. Mr. Wilson reveals no freedom — no elasticity of spirit, no clarity of vision in the higher regions of the mind. Worse than that, his mind seems to me hardly to possess such higher regions. His purely humanitarian theology, after all, leaves us cold. It lacks inspiration. Mr. Wilson is a man with narrow boundaries. The estimate which I formed of him and which inspired my description, is of a politician, an expert in a certain trade, capable and efficient in his specialty.

Two years have passed. What has become of my hero? For a time he carried everything before him. That will remain permanently to his credit. But after the task of war came the more delicate task of peace. What was he aiming at? What did he desire? We do not clearly know. We are brought face to face with this strange fusion of realism and idealism so difficult to elucidate and comprehend. Our embarrassment is increased by the President's vacillation. He does not seem to be complete master of the great ideal which was of such service to him in 1917. His words have evoked it; his rhetoric has carried away the people. But he has raised hopes which he cannot fulfill and created situations which he cannot control. Is he, like the magician in the *Thousand and One Nights*, a prisoner and a victim of the forces which he has conjured? Or again, was he captivated by his own idealism, carried away by his own propaganda, dazzled by his papal rôle, so as to become the mere servant of his formulas? Another possibility. He has a certain gift of logic, of system. Has this possibly impaired his clearness of vision and his tactical skill? Still another thought. May not the slight tendency to self-worship — a failing from which he is not exempt — have carried him away from securer moorings? The answer to all this lies in obscurity. The history of the Peace Conference is unknown. Long labor and minute study will be necessary to reveal the truth.

Meanwhile, I stick to my theory and search a solution by its light. I still think that Wilson the realist rules Wilson the idealist. I think that Wilson the realist wished to assure the permanent predominance of America in the affairs of Europe, Africa, and Asia. I think that he planned to ally his country with England and France in such a way as to make it the master influence in the group, and thus to insure peace to the world — an Anglo-Saxon peace or an allied peace and not a visionary peace. But America, ignorant of these great purposes, still cherishing its isolation, was not ripe for such a radical change of policy. Its traditions and habits, its political indolence, and its old instinctive desire to keep clear of European embroilments, were too strong to be overcome. President Wilson tried to lead his country into the path of this new peace as he had led it into the path of war, by again employing those methods of a political Messiah which had succeeded so brilliantly before. That is why he desired that the Covenant of the League of Nations should be an integral part of the Treaty, and of the alliance with France. America, taken by surprise, is trying to resist these new entanglements. We do not know yet whether it will succeed.

Is President Wilson going to fail? Quite possibly. The Treaty and the League of Nations may fall together, but even in that case I do not grant

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that his defeat means his humiliation. From 1912 to 1917, as the leader of a nation in what was already becoming a formidable crisis, he proved his strength. But the crisis has since become both more formidable and more delicate. While at Paris President Wilson had the double task of participating in the Peace Conference and governing a people already rebelling against his leadership. The Republican majority in the Senate blocked his policies, while the French were blind enough to chant victory over his defeat. President Wilson lost support on every hand. He faced enemies from all directions. In May, 1918, the Senate demanded that he leave Paris and withdraw from the Conference, and threatened a parliamentary strike. He actually left Paris for a short period. He presented himself in Washington, and defied his adversaries to carry out their threats. At the end of eight days he again left his country and remained at Paris to the end, in spite of an opposition of which we can measure neither the violence nor the strategy, and in which pro-Germans were constantly involved. He remained to the end and fought to the limit of his strength, and beyond those limits, in order to prevent his country from returning to its ancient isolation and its former narrow policies. Most assuredly I am not ready to join those who affect to despise so resolute and so robust a champion.

Consideration and respect are the sentiments which rise in my heart whenever my thoughts turn to this man, whom a hard fate predestined to shoulder one of the heaviest burdens in history and to attempt simultaneously to solve the problems of the Old World and the New.

Mr. Wilson wrote in 1910 a book entitled *Constitutional Government in the United States*, in which he uses an interesting sentence to which I have referred in my own book. In examining the functions of the President and the conditions under which they are exercised, he pointed out one of the dangers which they involve. Their burden, he says, tends to become so heavy as to crush the man who bears them.

Men of moderate strength cannot sustain this office, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, and, therefore, the people will always be obliged to choose their first magistrate from those who unite with wisdom and prudence great physical vitality. Their number is very small. President Wilson was for a long time one of these political athletes. He was able to carry the burden of American government. But when he had to carry a double burden, the Old World and the New, he succumbed under the weight.

Who would have done better? Perhaps no one. Possibly it is a characteristic of the age which we are now entering that the problems presented to mankind will be beyond their capacity to solve. For human limitations are fixed; human power does not grow. But the forces which mankind controls do not cease to multiply and to become more complex. Renan, in his *Dialogues Philosophes*, foresaw this possibility and pointed it out. He writes: 'A great danger impends because the accumulation of knowledge and power is unlimited, while the human intellect does not expand. There is reason to fear that the human brain may collapse under its own burden; that there may come a moment when its very progress spells its ultimate decadence. It will be like an equation that carries its limits within its own statement.' It is rather in the spirit of this serious prediction than with a feeling of disparagement, that I picture President Wilson's difficulties.

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[*Berliner Tageblatt, December 9, 1919*]

THE CIVIL WAR IN RUSSIA

BY HANS VORST

MOST lamentable confusion and lack of counsel prevail everywhere in respect to the Russian problem. Even the political masters who are trying to rule the world from Paris, are becoming more and more inconsistent and vacillating as the Russian situation grows increasingly hopeless. Meantime, millions of people in that country, and in the whole civilized world as well, are suffering. Consequently, the imperative interests of statesmanship and of humanity impel us to seek clear vision upon the questions involved in the civil war in Russia, in foreign intervention in Russian affairs, and in the repeated tenders of peace by the Soviet government. We should grasp firmly in our own minds what can be done, and what cannot be done in respect to reëstablishing peace. First of all it will be necessary to learn what Russian parties are concerned in the civil war.

At the outset we should understand clearly that there are really only two parties involved that have any effective influence. On one side the people are grouped about Lenin and Trotzky; on the other, just at present, about Kolchak and Denikin. There is no third party. The Russians who try to pursue a middle ground now, and who call Lenin a Terrorist and Kolchak a dictator, have not a sufficient following to entitle them to consideration. They draw their support from the Social-Revolutionists and the moderate Social-Democrats or Mensheviki. The Mensheviki will probably assume leadership of the Russian labor party at some future date, but just at present they are helpless in the hands of the Bolsheviki. Furthermore, these parties have not adopted a consistent attitude toward the civil war: they are unorganized, divided among themselves, and destitute of resources. Therefore, they are incapable of playing an effective part in the present crisis. The only people we need here consider are the Bolsheviki and the volunteer armies opposed to them.

It is not worth the time to dispute about Bolshevism with people who insist upon making it something which they have conjured out of the depths of their own radical imagination. However, a great many people, through a lack of sufficient information, have formed erroneous opinions as to the attitude and plans of the Bolsheviki. They assume from reading Lenin's speech upon 'The Next Tasks of the Soviet Government,' and from certain reports concerning recent Bolshevist policies, that the Bolsheviki are turning conservative. They hear about piece-rate wages, premium systems, high salaries, extensive dictatorial power entrusted to the technical managers of industrial establishments, and other measures which convince them that little by little Bolshevism may change from a Utopian theory and a desperate social experiment into a rational, and possibly permanent and practical, system of governmental production. These ideas are mere dreams. In the first place the

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people who hold them forget that Lenin's speech, although it has but recently been translated into German, was delivered in April, 1918, before the Central Executive Committee. It is not a new suggestion, and it indicates nothing novel or better in Bolshevist policy. The Bolsheviki never had a practical labor programme, and they have always been ready to make any kind of a concession in order to maintain their principles. But they are not willing to give up any of these principles. The principles themselves render inevitable the failure of their system. To put the whole thing in a nutshell, the political error in the Bolshevist system consists in placing control not only in the hands of a minority, but in the hands of a minority that is absolutely incapable and unprepared to exercise authority. The economic error consists in obliterating private capital, and destroying private incentive to enterprise and industry. These two errors condemn the system in advance to failure. They cannot be corrected, because they constitute the substance of the system itself. No alleged turning toward conservatism can possible constitute a transition to a practical and permanent social organization. Real reform will never come through patching up Bolshevism: it will come only through crushing it.

Every sane political policy to be applied to the Russian situation must take as its guiding principle the conviction that Bolshevism, irrespective of how events may shape themselves, is ultimately doomed. It may be terminated by a revolt in the Red army, or by the success of Denikin. No one can predict these things. It would come to an end just as certainly if the civil war should cease and the blockade be lifted. In some ways it would be better to have these two things occur. If they did, the collapse of Bolshevism would open the eyes of western radicalism to the innate faults of the system, far more convincingly than if that system is brought to an end by outside force. But for the time being any let-up of external pressure will strengthen the Bolshevist government, and may possibly prolong its existence. This would cost the suffering of the unhappy Russian nation, which would have to bear its terrible burden longer than it might otherwise.

The future of Russia does not belong to the Bolsheviki. The question then arises whether it belongs to the other parties in the Russian civil war — to such men as Kolchak and Denikin. The world is flooded with rumors that these men and their supporters have embittered the population of the territories which they occupy by their reactionary and arbitrary rule, and by their deeds of violence and their cruelty. We are told that this explains the evanescence of their military success. Against these charges we must set the democratic declarations which the government of Denikin and Kolchak have repeatedly published. We are deprived of authentic information concerning the true conditions in Siberia and South Russia, and so cannot form conclusions with confidence. The reports of Kolchak and Denikin do not deny that excesses have been committed, in the bitterness and bloodshed of civil war, by the volunteer army, and that they may be committed in the future. We may well assume that such excesses might occur not infrequently. We ourselves have witnessed atrocities at Berlin and Munich in our own civil war; some of which have been committed by government troops. In Russia, where severe disturbances have swept over tremendous areas, where the bitterness accompanying them has been so in-

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tense, and where commanding officers are so remote from many of the detachments operating under their command, conditions are naturally far worse than with us. Barbarism and savagery have become a habit of life. But it is not fair to burden the government with the responsibility for deeds of cruelty which it may be doing its utmost to prevent.

Although we may assume beforehand that atrocities have been committed, we may feel equally assured that they have been exaggerated. It is impossible under present conditions to trace back reports and rumors to their sources; but we know that many of those that have become current in Germany originated among the Bolsheviki or the Ukrainians. Both parties are interested in making the government of Denikin odious. Reports from Social-Revolutionary sources are also likely to be biased, for the Social-Revolutionists were deprived by Kolchak of a position in Siberia which they owed solely to their former prestige, and not to their present actual power. We know that similar stories are spread abroad by our own more radical parties, for the purpose of discrediting the present German administration as reactionary, imperialist, and militarist. However, after making all these reservations, an impression still remains that the atrocities committed by the troops under Denikin have assumed proportions that imperil his government.

The weakness of the volunteer army is not due so much to an unsatisfactory programme as to its dependence on foreign countries for arms and munitions. Its successes have always been in direct proportion to the material assistance which the Entente has given it. Its failures do not indicate that the Bolsheviki are powerful, but that its own resources are inadequate.

The outcome of the civil war, therefore, depends in a great degree upon the future attitude of the Entente. There is, undoubtedly, danger of extreme reaction in Russia. For this reason Russia and the western world are deeply interested in fostering every democratic influence that manifests itself in that country.

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[*Leipziger Volkszeitung, September 29, 1919*]

A DYING METROPOLIS

VERSAILLES promised the peoples of the earth justice and freedom. The peace treaty has brought them injustice and betrayal. The peace treaty was to inspire the ruined world with new life. It has sown broadcast over Europe death and destruction. The high council of the four great powers has wrought its harshest vengeance on the weakest, most powerless, and least capable of resistance of its enemies. The spirits of destruction have speedy wings. Already the cold, gray pallor of death lies over Vienna. But yesterday it was the proud, rich capital of a mighty empire. To-day it is the head of a petty state, more deeply scarred by the suffering of war than even the fragment of distressed territory that still owes it allegiance.

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy before its dissolution was a gigantic economic entity with a population of 54,000,000. Vienna was the heart of this great empire, its capital whence industrial initiative and organizing enterprise spread over the whole country. Vienna directed the labor and the commerce of the millions who resided in all parts of its domain. The emperor, the court, and the heads of all secular and spiritual authority had their seat in Vienna. Furthermore, the princes of industry and finance, the leaders of material and intellectual production, the greatest men in science, literature, and art made that city their home. Vienna was the transshipping point of Europe, where the industrial products of the manufacturing North and West were bartered for the agrarian products of the South and East. Vienna was the junction point of a transportation system radiating throughout central Europe and constituting a bridge between the Mediterranean and the Black Seas on the one side, and the North and Baltic Seas on the other. Within the coffers of the great banks of Vienna lay accumulated a vast capital drawn from a network of branches extending to the remotest villages and towns of the empire. All the surplus of the country's industry was accumulated at this point.

The collapse of the monarchy has broken this vast economic unit into fragments. Vienna's 2,000,000 people were fed in former days with Hungarian grain and meat, Bohemian sugar, and Moravian potatoes. The furnace industries of Vienna and German-Austria were supplied with coal from the rich colliery districts of Ostrav, Kladno, Brunn, Brux, Falkenau, and Pilsen. The tenements of the working people in the cities and the cabins of the peasants in the country were lighted with petroleum from Galicia. This close unity of interest had endured for centuries, and had knit together the people of the ancient monarchy with such close ties that they could not be rent asunder without disaster.

This common economic area fell apart, and little German Austria found itself surrounded by the insuperable commercial barriers of the newly established states. It produced scarcely a tenth of the coal which it consumed. The result has been a tragedy unparalleled in modern history. For months the great furnaces that converted the ores of Styria into iron and steel for the uses of civilization have been silent. The fine manufactures of Vienna and its suburbs have been reduced to a fraction of their former volume. More than 100,000 workingmen, out of a total population of 6,000,000 have recently lost employment. There is no fuel for domestic use. The street railways have not been

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in operation for many days. Railway traffic has been cut down to the lowest limit. Trains loaded with urgently needed food stand helpless upon distant sidings. The people of Vienna look forward to the coming winter with the despair of death in their hearts.

To this is added the imminent prospect of famine. The country around Vienna is mountainous. Its alpine declivities and scanty valley lands can supply scarcely three months' provisions yearly for the city of 2,000,000. Vienna has always been mainly dependent upon other countries for its food. The Allies assumed the task of providing provisions for Vienna until October, and advanced German-Austrian credit for that purpose. This credit has been exhausted, and the Allies are unwilling to grant new loans. Vienna has no security that it can offer, and nothing to exchange for food.

The peace of St. Germain leaves German-Austria isolated, delivers it over to the spirit of ruin and destruction. The so-called independence of German-Austria, so assiduously fostered by the Allies, has imposed upon that country the most unendurable dependence suffered by any country in the world. Its rich iron mines are idle because the Czechs refuse fuel to smelt their ores. Its weaving sheds are silent because the Czechs refuse to send it yarns. The labor of 100,000 workers goes to waste because German-Austria does not possess raw materials to give them employment. Ten thousand idle, desperate, pauperized officials and officers roam the streets of the metropolis because the government of such a diminished state can find them no employment. Unproductive expenditures are devouring the last remnants of the public wealth.

Before the war Vienna was a most industrious city. To-day it has lost all traces of that virtue. On the one hand is a vast multitude of unemployed living in indescribable misery: on the other hand is a small but avaricious group of smugglers and speculators. The newly established countries in eastern Austria are seizing upon the opportunity offered by the low rate of exchange to dispose of their goods in western countries. English, American, French, and Italian buyers are glad to give their commissions to Vienna brokers and speculators because the latter understand the Asiatic business customs of their eastern neighbors. This class of shady middlemen is reinforced by a clique of venturesome fellows who speculate in exchange. All these people conduct their business under cover, in the great hotels and coffee houses on the Ring. They manage to evade the income tax, and their profits are spirited away to safe neutral countries.

So we witness at the same time the bitter suffering of the desperate, freezing, starving working people and of the intellectual proletariat, the prodigality of a new middle class reported to be fabulously wealthy. This change in the economic service performed by Vienna has converted the former proud, prosperous centre of western civilization into an Oriental metropolis, with all its characteristic features — absence of useful productive labor, a horde of parasites, throngs of schemers of high and low degree; into a town infested with smugglers and speculators, and lost to all interest in the useful and higher things of life.

Thus has the peace of St. Germain sealed the ruin of Vienna. Its own strength will never be sufficient to rescue the ancient capital from its present humiliating dependence. It will not be able to feed its million children, to clothe them, or warm

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them, or give them light. The most industrious and enterprising of its inhabitants will flee from this sepulchre of a city, leaving behind the young and the aged, the cripples and the invalids, the feeble and the incompetent, to suffer their fate.

[*The Outlook, December, 1919*]

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TREATY

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

It seems to me important — though there is a certain unavoidable ungraciousness in emphasizing it — that people here should realize how entirely the fiasco over the treaty is President Wilson's own doing. He never had the slightest warrant for committing the United States to the League of Nations. It was a purely personal policy; it ran counter to the strongest of all political interests among his countrymen — the instinct that warns them not to meddle in the affairs of Europe; and there was never any prospect that it would become effective unless it was adopted by the United States Senate, in which the President's political opponents predominate.

These being the fundamental conditions, Mr. Wilson ought obviously to have taken no step without consultation with the Republican leaders, and without conducting a simultaneous campaign of education throughout the country. He did neither. He preferred to go his own independent way, and to trust to his prestige and his eloquence to compel the triumph of his views. He is paying the penalty of an excessive self-confidence. His only chance of securing the ratification of the Treaty is to agree to the stiff and dentalizing reservations which the Republicans have attached to it. If he refuses the treaty is dead. If he recognizes his defeat and works for a compromise the treaty may be, I think will be, ratified. But in any case America has served ample notice that for the present at all events she intends to abide by her traditional policy of non-intervention, that she regards the war as a mere interlude, and that she is not prepared to accept any responsibilities for the state of Europe.

To many Englishmen this is a keen disappointment. But I am not at all certain that Anglo-American relations will suffer anything whether the United States decides to enter the League as a purely formal and passive member or whether she elects not to enter it at all; and I am decidedly of opinion that, if she makes it a condition of her adherence to the Covenant that the British Dominions should not be allowed a separate vote, we should inform her with frank friendliness that we cannot accept any such provision. For the rest, no one who knows either the American people or the American Constitution ought to be in any way surprised at the turn events have taken. The people, while favoring a League of Nations as an abstraction, have no real desire to assume any liabilities whatsoever in Europe or anywhere else; and the Constitution vests the power of deciding on such matters with Congress and not with the President.

What the Republicans have done with their reservations has been little more than to reassert the constitutional powers of Congress against the encroachment of the President. I cannot see how they could possibly have acted otherwise unless they had been prepared to amend their organic charter of government and shift the whole balance of political power in deference to Mr. Wilson's wish that America should participate automatically and at the President's discretion in the new world-order of his dreams. No blame

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can possibly rest on the American people or the American Senate, and no reproaches ought to be directed against them. The blame and the reproaches should be laid, if anywhere, at Mr. Wilson's door.

[*La Depeche de Toulouse, December 11, 1919*]

THE TREATY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY C. BOUGLE

WE must confess that the American Senate is just at present making the task of America's friends and of the society of nations most difficult.

The period immediately following the war has brought us many disillusions. It is vain to deny that fact. But the present one is perhaps the greatest and the most embarrassing. It is the more disappointing because the arguments which the Republican Senators send to Europe to explain their reservations are far from convincing. We cannot escape the conclusion that if all the nations that pretend a desire for permanent peace were to present similar arguments, we should make little progress. More probably we should still continue to wallow in blood and misery.

The recalcitrant Senators say in substance: 'We are unwilling to sign the League Covenant because it violates our Constitution and also is incompatible with a fixed policy of our government, the Monroe Doctrine.'

How does the Covenant of the League of Nations violate the Constitution of the United States?

It provides in Article X that when any one of the signatory Powers is the victim of armed aggression by another Power, all the nations signing the Covenant shall come to its relief.

The Republican Senators declare that they cannot consent to this because the Constitution reserves the right to declare war to the Senate. They then go on to criticize the unconstitutional pretensions of Mr. Wilson. They assert that he did not realize that he would be unable to impose upon America the arbitrary procedure that was allowed to pass in Europe.

Just a moment! We want to see where the distinction lies. We rub our eyes in vain. It is not apparent.

Do these gentlemen mean to say that America is the only country where the right to declare war and to ratify treaties is reserved for a legislative assembly? Certainly they cannot mean this. Moreover, every democracy has taken under one form or another, great precaution to prevent the exercise of arbitrary power by its executive heads. But does this imply that any nation with a democratic government is by that very fact rendered incapable of making a firm covenant with other nations? The inference would be most embarrassing. We should have to admit that progress toward democracy is quite the reverse of progress toward peace. That would be an admission to rejoice the hearts of our Royalists. Do the Republicans enjoy this implication?

The fact is that all governments, whether democratic or otherwise, are now in the same boat. If they really desire to form an international organization, capable of maintaining peace, they must necessarily curtail their own sovereign rights in some fashion or other. They must recognize the moral validity of the contracts that they, after due deliberation, have signed. Unless they do this, what security is there for the world? There cannot be peace unless international pledges are respected.

The Republican Senators say that unfortunately they cannot pledge themselves to such a contract. There is

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a superior principle that prohibits this. The Monroe Doctrine denies the right of America to intervene in European affairs at the same time that it denies the right of Europe to meddle in the affairs of the New World.

We confess that we cannot avoid a certain feeling of impatience whenever we see this threadworn argument reappear in the debates and arguments of the adversaries of Mr. Wilson. Are the gentlemen who repeat it *ad nauseam* incapable of learning anything? Have they, moreover, forgotten all they have ever learned?

Let them merely recall the circumstances that caused the Monroe Doctrine to be promulgated and to be extended under the pressure of new conditions. Its origin dates back a century, when the infant republic was summoned to resist the propaganda of the Holy Alliance and to prevent the newly liberated natio s of the western hemisphere from being treated as the colonies of that autocratic coalition. This did not imply by any means that America was not interested in the progress of liberty among the peoples of Europe. Quite the contrary. The right of the latter to guide their own destinies was, as Mr. Wilson very properly says, 'a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine itself.' The Americans merely wished that others should enjoy the rights which they enjoyed. The United States is logically compelled by the Monroe Doctrine itself to oppose imperialism wherever it may show its head.

Quite apart from all this, and leaving the logic of the case aside, has not the stern lesson of experience opened the eyes of Americans? The gentlemen who now take refuge behind the Monroe Doctrine forget that since it was promulgated the world has changed. It has become smaller. The speed and multiplicity of channels of communication have bound the continents together. Every nation is now so enmeshed with other nations by a thousand ties of interest that none of them can hold aloof from the others. No one of them can escape the complications that befell its neighbors. This is precisely the lesson taught America with one great flash of enlightenment by the great experience through which it has just passed. Are we to believe that the Republican Senators have already forgotten it? It is just as probable tomorrow as it was yesterday that if Germany should again inflame Europe, the sparks and embers of the conflagration would again reach America. It is true in any case that the ensuing economic ruin would impoverish America as well as Europe.

What are we to expect? Are local political quarrels still to obscure not only the radiant vision of that great ideal of humanity which the boys leaving for their crusade in Europe loved to invoke, but likewise all comprehension of the practical interests of America?

Let us hope not. We wish to believe that the public men of America will not betray the ideal for which their soldiers fought. Let us keep up courage.

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[*Deutsche Politik, September 12, 1919*]

A GERMAN VIEW OF AMERICAN POLICY

BY DR. PAUL ROHRBACH

Two schools of thought have come into conflict in the American Senate and in public discussion in the United States. The nominal issue is whether that country shall ratify or reject the Treaty of Versailles. Party politics, presidential ambitions, and material interests inevitably play a part in this discussion. Both schools of thought are hostile to Germany. The American people were induced to go to war by being convinced of the necessity of a crusade against German imperialism. That sentiment still persists. Furthermore, English and French propagandists have not relaxed for a moment the efforts they made during the war to propagate distrust and hatred of Germany by biased reports. We have but one recourse against this — persistent labor to make the world understand how much of the responsibility for the war, how much of the inhumanity during the war, and how much of the selfishness that inspired that conflict, also stand to the account of the rulers of the Entente. Thanks to the skill of the political leaders of our opponents, the Americans comprehend these things less than any other nation. German propaganda may well be devoted now to reestablishing a fair balance of judgment among the American people. This is neglected because our government fails to comprehend the part psychology plays in foreign policy. We might say that it understands less than the old government did — if that would not be incredible. The better informed among us will have to resign ourselves to this fatal misunderstanding. It is impossible as yet to foresee a time when the opinion of the world will refuse to be biased longer in our disfavor.

One of the principal opponents of ratification, Senator Knox, has criticized the irrational and unjust provisions of the treaty. At the same time he felt it necessary, in view of public sentiment and probably of his own feelings, to assure his hearers that he had no sympathy for the Germans, and that he assumed as a matter of course that their misdeeds must be punished. He did not refer to the inhumanity of killing 800,000 non-combatants in Germany by a famine blockade, and of crushing the spirit and ambition of the survivors by forcing upon them years of undernourishment, and of the moral degeneration which that produces. We are, therefore, called upon to emphasize this distinctly. He and his associates, however, have something else to say, something very important for America and indirectly for the rest of the world and for ourselves. These gentlemen are not willing to have their country become more deeply involved in the affairs of Europe and Asia. The only exception they consider are those parts of Eastern Asia which face the Pacific.

If America ratifies the Treaty, thereby engaging to assist in its enforcement, every one of the innumerable difficulties that will inevitably arise in so doing will force America

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to interest itself in the affairs of Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Russia, the Balkans, and the Orient. Their country will have to form an opinion and to take sides and to make decisions in connection with each one of these countries. The result will be inevitable domestic dissension and internal conflict. The government of a people as powerful as that of the United States, with the self-confidence, the national sensitiveness, and the love of sensation, which the Americans possess, will be unable to confine themselves, if they are members of a league of nations, to merely academic and theoretical declarations concerning the innumerable complications which will flow from the Versailles Treaty. If America speaks, it will be with authority and self-assertion, and it will have to take its stand in accordance with its sympathies and interests.

The party opposed to ratification maintains that the interests of the United States are in the Western Hemisphere, and that if they extend beyond that limit, it is only in the region of the Pacific. America had a moral mission in Europe which it could not escape. It was America's duty to assist the western democracies to overthrow Germany, because they alone were too weak to throttle the monster. Now that the object is attained, America should withdraw. Beneath this sentiment lies also the thought that every European nation and government retains certain traces of backwardness, the outcome of irrational and misguided historical tendencies, and that the ideals of America can be realized only in the New World.

The question arises whether the Americans will be able to avoid actively participating in the political supervision of the reorganized world, no matter how sincerely they desire to do so. There are two conditions which make their withdrawal difficult: the first is that the war has made them too powerful to pursue such a policy; the second is that American interests in Eastern Asia, which are of supreme importance, inevitably are inter-related with broader international questions. In addition we have the influence of America's commercial interests, which the war has greatly widened. Of these three considerations the most important is the first. Even if we assume that the anti-European party wins, for the time being, that will not prevent the constant references of European controversies to America's judgment, and the repeated efforts of the contestants to win America's support. The Americans have sacrificed money and blood for Europe. The President has voiced an ideal of extraordinary importance for the orderly development of a world in which Europe still remains the most highly civilized, and relatively the most densely populated portion. He promulgated that ideal in the name of America's people, and the nation has gained from his pronouncements definite opinions of the condition of the old governments east of the Atlantic. Besides the conviction that they have the power to make their ideals prevail, the Americans realize at heart that it is impossible to withdraw again into their old political seclusion by a mere effort of will, and that they will not be able to maintain that seclusion in the future for both psychological and practical reasons. This would be impossible. A nation that actually has supreme power, and is conscious that it is a preponderant force in the world, cannot artificially isolate itself in its own hemisphere.

A majority of the Americans now begin to feel keenly that they have been placed in an awkward position because their President has not measured up, either morally or intellectually,

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to the demands made upon him. Wilson promulgated a lofty ideal. He did it with a great expenditure of pathos and in the pose of a world-judge, as though it depended upon him personally to direct the nations into the path they should pursue. We are justified in saying that hardly ever in modern times has the head of a government stood so high in the world's esteem and temporarily possessed such vast influence as Wilson.

The whole world looked up to him and felt that its fate hung from his decisions. But this man, elevated to such a height, revealed himself as a surprisingly small soul in the hour of decision. The conception of a league of nations must have resided in his head as a cloudy dream, never theoretically or practically workable. If Wilson had been capable of conceiving the league as a political actuality, he would have seen beforehand that such an institution, in the form he proposed it, would encounter insuperable opposition from his own allies. Only a dreamer — a political simpleton — could imagine for a moment that the rulers of the Entente would consent to anything but a predatory peace. No league of nations was compatible with this. If Wilson was really determined to have a league, he should have insisted in the very beginning upon sufficient guaranties from England, Italy, and France. As soon as Clemenceau and Lloyd George had succeeded in completely disarming Germany by the conditions of the armistice, Wilson's League of Nations was dead and buried. The world saw its author dandling a mere inflated rubber image of the League, in place of the real thing. He no longer imposed his ideals on anyone, least of all upon his allies. Thereupon, he preferred to accept the mere mockery of his plan, instead of frankly acknowledging his defeat and withdrawing with dignity from the unsuccessful contest.

A feeling is spreading among the Americans, in spite of the fact that they are more easily misled concerning European and internationl affairs than most other nations, that the true story of what occurred at Versailles has not been told them. They have a suspicion that the President did not win much glory for their country there. But Wilson is a shrewd enough political tactician to perceive that the Americans will find it difficult not to enter the League under one condition or another. If ratification is actually to be rejected, Wilson's opponents must find a skillful political formula in order to escape the charge that the defeat of the President has dishonored the American nation as a whole.

Whether such a formula is discovered or not, America's participation in world policies cannot be recalled. Naturally the English would find it unpleasant for the United States to accept a mandate for Constantinople, or Asia Minor, or even Armenia; for the English want to be unhindered there. They skillfully arranged that the Indian and Mohammedan princes should rally to the support of the Sultan as soon as his capital of Constantinople was seriously threatened with American control. England wants to remain sole master in that quarter of the world, where it is now so skillfully establishing itself. It is seeking to elbow the French out of Syria by supporting a native president under the pretext of 'Syrian self-determination.'

China and Japan are much more important for America than these regions in Western Asia. It is a vital necessity for the United States to keep the Japanese from carrying out the economic and military organization of China. On the other hand, it is a vital necessity for Japan to do just

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this thing. The Japanese are determined to be absolute masters of the Japan Sea. They intend to rule its continental as well as its island shores. They propose to occupy a position upon the mainland that will make it impossible for China to escape from their grasp. Their domination over Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia, the important highways to China from the north, is the first step in this programme. Japan has already accomplished this. But a wide stretch of coast lies between these regions and the iron deposits at the head of the lower reaches of the Yangtze-kiang, opposite Hankow. These deposits are essential to the Japanese, because their country does not now possess large enough iron resources to become a great power. Unless it has assured control of Chinese ore, Japan's policy is a failure, because in case of war it would be unable to maintain its army and navy.

England and America are united in a wish to keep Japan within limits and to prevent its annexing China's iron. If Japan succeeds, its remoteness from England and America will make it a dangerous military opponent, because it will be difficult to attack. Without iron it will be a negligible factor. Japan must hold Shantung, if it is to control the Yangtze mines; therefore, the promise made to China, that its territorial integrity would be respected as compensation for its declaration of war against Germany, was very agreeable both to the English and the Americans. But Wilson let himself be intimidated by the Japanese at Paris, just as he was intimidated by the English and French military party, and so he yielded Shantung to Japan. Shantung goes to Japan in violation of the solemn promise to China. But since the Chinese are more fortunate than Germany and the fourteen points, in having the hostility of powerful circles in both America and England toward Japan on their side, their prospects are better than our own.

This incident is merely one illustration of how difficult it will be for Americans to avoid intervening in things outside of America. There is the further consideration, that if a controversy should ever arise between America and England, Japan would be most assiduously courted by both parties. The effect of such an estrangement upon India, and even upon Europe, is obvious. This possibility in turn would arouse bitter domestic conflicts in America itself.

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[*Deutsche Politik, September 19, 1919*]

THE SHANTUNG CONTROVERSY

BY G. BUETZ

AMERICAN public men understand thoroughly the practical considerations that make them desire to do justice in the Shantung matter, and to prevent Kiaochau from falling into the hands of Japan. The business men of the United States are better informed concerning the importance of this province in the economic life of China than we are at home. What was Kiaochau?

When the war with France awakened in China a resolve to create a modern navy and army, Li Hung Chang, the father of this movement, at once appreciated the importance of the Gulf of Kiaochau. He established his naval base at Tsingtau. That was in 1891. Tsingtau was at that time a little fishing village, as miserable and impoverished as such settlements are in overcrowded Shantung. On the 14th of November, 1897, General Chang lowered his flag, and three German war vessels landed detachments at that point. The Germans thereupon expended much industry, organizing talent, and vast sums of money upon Kiaochau. In 1906 the imperial government allotted 14,660,000 marks for the use of the province in addition to the local revenues. A remarkable economic development ensued. In 1910 the recent fishing village stood sixth among the 76 ports of China in the value of its foreign trade. The significance of this is not fully comprehended until we realize that the only cities with larger foreign commerce were Shanghai, Tientsin, Canton, Hankow, and Swatow. In 1910 the exports were valued at 84,300,000 marks and the imports at 52,600,000 marks. These are very high figures in the Chinese commerce. We should note in addition that the Japanese profited more than any other nation by the growing commercial importance of Tsingtau. This was a fact well known in America. Japan supplied one third of all its imports. The population of Shantung is very poor, and cheap Japanese goods found an outlet where European manufactures of better grade could not find purchasers. Moreover, the Japanese had managed quietly to acquire a preponderant influence throughout the province of Shantung.

Germany was able to make its protectorate not only a commercial centre, coveted by other countries, but also a centre of foreign influence in China. German thought and custom met a sympathetic reception from the educated Chinese. They discovered that everything foreign was not to be despised. Such recognition is a tremendous influence in any colonial movement. The most significant manifestation of the conscious preference of the Orient for western ways was the heavy immigration to Tsingtau during the Boxer revolt. The educated Chinese had a proverb that Tsingtau was 'the umbrella' of China.

The United States would like to profit by this respect for foreigners which is unusual in China. Nothing favors commerce more than mutual respect between nations. Germany was the first foreign Power which succeeded in acquiring such respect. Although the Americans have flattered their Oriental neighbors, they have never acquired the same standing that Germany held. The public improvements which we carried out in the region under our protection also attract other countries. The ship yards at Tsingtau contain a drydock accommodating vessels of 16,000 tons, and have a corps of highly-skilled mechanics trained in the model technical school

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in that city. The Shantung Railway Company was excellently equipped, and its feeders drew business from the immensely important districts lying directly inland. In addition, 30,000,000 marks had been expended upon harbor improvements, with the result that Tsingtau is the best and safest port on the China coast. The Shantung Coal Mining Company, whose first trainload of coal arrived from Fangste in 1902, was raising 486,000 tons annually by 1911. Prior to the war these were the most scientifically developed mines in China. The Railway Company was capitalized at 54,000,000 marks, and earned a satisfactory revenue on this investment. Our land policy was based upon the principle of state Socialism, and proved a brilliant success. Although the population of Tsingtau tripled by 1898, the price of land remained reasonable; and it was possible to keep prices down subsequently, even after the great industrial cities of Taitungchen and Saisirchen, and the secondary port of Tagautau, had become great population centres. These low land prices near a great commercial city are a powerful attraction for both American and Japanese manufacturers. Our forestry work, which was energetically pursued in a province entirely bereft of timber, has also attracted the attention of the Americans, for this undertaking promises to be very profitable. So far, 2000 hectares have been reforested.

Naturally, therefore, the Americans are making every effort to occupy Germany's former position, under the mantle of fair phrases about the League of Nations. They prate of justice to China; but the Yankees know that Tsingtau will shortly be a more important city than Shanghai. For its coal resembles Cardiff coal and will draw to its wharves not only the coastal shipping of China, but also the vessels of every great transpacific line. Shantung coal will also make the province a steel centre. Japan bears this in mind and fears America. Furthermore, the lowering of passage rates has automatically transferred the heavy emigrant traffic to Manchuria and Korea from Chefu to Tsingtau.

Consequently, though we may be gratified by the attitude of certain people in America who are truly conscientious in their sentiments, we shall completely misinterpret the policy of that country if we attribute it solely to ideal motives. We must never forget that in helping us, America is consulting its own interests.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

THE DANGER TO EUROPE

BY SIR GEORGE PAISH

THE conference between the Prime Ministers of France and England and the Foreign Minister of Italy upon, among other subjects, the economic and financial condition of Europe has been most timely. The fall in the exchanges is causing great anxiety, and a solution of the economic and financial problems of Europe can be delayed no longer.

Last spring it was decided to discontinue the policy, which had been pursued from the beginning of the war, of controlling the exchanges by government action, in the hope that freedom from government support would bring about an automatic readjustment of the trade balances, that, were exchanges to fall, the exports of the countries whose currencies were depreciated would be stimulated while their imports would be diminished, and that by means of an expansion of exports and restriction of imports equilibrium would be reëstablished.

These expectations have, however,

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not been realized. To-day Europe is no nearer to paying its way — that is, to paying for the things it needs to buy from outside countries — than it was last spring. Private credit has taken the place of public credit, stimulated and assisted by the fall in the exchanges, which has offered prospects of profit to speculators, while wages and profits have risen with the cost of living. The speculation in international exchange and in national currencies has, indeed, now grown to enormous proportions, and it has been this speculation which during the last few months has in large measure enabled Europe to purchase from outside countries the things it required.

This speculation was based upon the idea that sooner or later Europe would reëstablish an equilibrium between its exports and its imports and that the exchanges would recover. As the months pass by and the prospect of such equilibrium becomes fainter, the demand for remittance in proportion to the supply becomes stronger. Hence greater and greater inducements have to be offered to speculators, and the fall in the exchange becomes more pronounced.

The failure of the American Senate to ratify the treaty has greatly increased the uncertainties of the outlook, and rendered more remote the adoption of any plan to rectify the situation. In no small degree is this circumstance responsible for the recent weakness and severe fall in the exchanges.

Last spring the value in dollars of the British pound was practically par, allowing for interest, freight, and insurance, whereas, at the time of writing the rate is 3.88. Compared with the parity rate of 4.86½, this rate shows a depreciation of no less than 25 per cent.

From the knowledge and experience gained since the spring it has become evident that the situation is not likely to, indeed cannot, adjust itself automatically. After the long war, Europe's productive power is seriously curtailed. Therefore, it needs to purchase more things abroad at very high prices at the same time as it has less means of payment. The harvests of Europe show a decline of nearly 40 per cent compared with their pre-war level, while the price of cereal food has risen nearly 180 per cent.

Even if Europe were to buy no more food than it did before the war, and to effect economy to the extent of its diminished production, it would now have to pay over one and a half times more for the food it requires than it did in 1913. Indeed, in many national currencies the sums that would have to be paid for pre-war supplies of food would show a much greater increase than this. With this food situation Europe's power to produce manufactured articles is also curtailed by its lack of raw material. Raw material is even dearer in proportion than food, showing an all-round rise of about 200 per cent in comparison with pre-war prices. The whole situation, moreover, is complicated and its dangers intensified by the credit exhaustion of Europe and by the nature of the peace. In seeking to support the credit of France, of Italy, and of Belgium by demanding great sums from Germany and Austria in reparation, the credit of Germany and of Austria has been effectively destroyed. Without credit with which to buy both food and raw material Germany and Austria cannot get their factories or their people to work, and, therefore, cannot make the reparation payments which otherwise they would be capable of making.

Experience was needed to teach the peoples of the Entente nations not to expect the impossible, and that expe-

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rience they have gained since the spring. Whether or not their experience has yet been sufficient to cause them to act in accordance with economic possibility and economic necessity rather than by political desire time will show. If further experience is needed, then the fall in the exchange is likely to go farther and faster, and the difficulty of purchasing the food and raw material which Europe so greatly needs will become intensified.

The recent action of the Entente Governments gives no indication of these governments having yet realized the dangers of the situation or of their having formulated any sound plan for overcoming it. The demand upon Germany for a large part of its dock and harbor equipment, the loss of which must further diminish Germany's productive power without effecting any corresponding increase in the productive power of the Entente nations, and thereby diminish Europe's productive power as a whole, was not a sign of economic enlightenment. An enlightened policy demands that Germany shall produce as much as possible in order to make reparation. By further diminishing Germany's productive power the Entente nations are not only destroying the credit of Germany; they are injuring their own credit, which now depends so largely upon Germany's power to make reparation. Again, the action of the Entente Powers at the Conference which was held recently in London does not display any real appreciation of the danger of the position or of the steps needed to rectify it.

The action of the British Government in consenting to come to the assistance of France, while indicating to our ally our friendly desire to assist her, does nothing effectually to correct the situation. In so far as the issue of a French loan in England will prevent the collapse of the French exchange it is to the good, as affording more time in which to take comprehensive measures. But unless such action be supplemented by corresponding action on the part of the United States toward all the Entente nations of Europe it will merely mean that the decline in the French exchange will be slower than otherwise it would be, while the decline in the British exchange will be faster.

At the beginning of the war, when the credit of Great Britain was at a very high level and when British investors still held vast quantities of securities which they could sell readily in the United States and elsewhere, the pooling of British and French credit was an important, indeed, a vital matter to the credit of the Entente nations as a whole. But the nature of the peace, the absence of any indication of when the productive power of Europe will be restored, combined with the injury to British credit effected by the war and by the course of events since the war, have greatly changed the situation. During the war the high state of British credit gave most valuable assistance in the work of supporting French credit; now the economic and financial condition of France, and the lack of any hope of improvement until comprehensive and far-reaching political as well as economic and financial measures are taken, mean that the economic alliance of the two countries will not have the effect it had at the beginning of the war.

The general policy of each nation assisting the other nations in any way feasible is essential, but the coöperation of the various nations injured by the war without the assistance of the nations which have gained advantage from the war will be futile. For its rectification the situation demands the active coöperation of all nations,—

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Entente, enemy, and neutral,—not only in Europe but throughout the world. Europe cannot be self-supporting until the productive power of every one of its constituent nations is restored. The productive power of France cannot be restored until the productive power of Germany is normal, and the productive power of Germany cannot become normal until the situation in Russia is adjusted. Moreover, Europe cannot pay its way until prices are brought lower and America is willing to take payment for all the produce it sells either in foreign goods or in services rendered to American tourists and in other ways. Indeed, for the situation to be adjusted a world-effort is necessary, an effort which will in the first place enable Europe to obtain the food and raw material it requires to maintain its peoples and to restart its industries, and which will in the second place supply Europe with the material and with the credit needed to restore the devastated districts. And beyond this the nations which have supplied Europe with credit must be willing to assist Europe to fund and redeem its credits.

In view of the present extended state of European credit it is obvious that some new organization must be utilized in order to provide the credit and to give the necessary security. Fortunately, such an organization has been created in the Peace Treaty. The League of Nations can accomplish everything that the situation demands. That body already includes most of the Powers of the world, and no great difficulty should be experienced in obtaining the cohesion of the remaining Powers, provided that the principles of the League are accepted by every nation, and especially by the European nations. When fully formed the League of Nations would be able to place behind any loan that might be required the wealth and income of the entire world. Any loan that it would issue would possess the highest security that could be given, and if its securities were made free of taxation in all countries they would be almost as valuable as gold for exchange purposes.

By means of a league of nations 4 per cent loan carrying a sinking fund of 1 per cent and made free of taxation, all the money needed to restock, restart, and reconstruct Europe could be obtained. The aggregate amount of money needed for this purpose would be not more than about £7,000,000,000 of which about £2,000,000,000 are needed for restarting and restocking Europe with food and material, another £2,000,000,000 for reconstructing the devastated districts, and £3,000,000,000 for the repayment of the existing foreign debts and restoring the credit of the European Powers. This issue of bonds would enable Europe to pay the United States and other countries for all the food and raw material it requires to buy, and it would at the same time enable the various nations of Europe to purchase the things they required from each other and which they could not pay for until their productive power was restored.

In brief, in these days every nation in the world is a part of a great machine which cannot work smoothly and well without each nation producing, distributing, and exchanging the things it is capable of producing and exchanging. The war has greatly curtailed the productive power of a number of the most important of the nations, and unless and until their productive power is restored there is danger of a complete breakdown of the whole world-machine. To prevent such breakdown a collective effort by all nations is essential, and this effort can be made by utilizing that League of Nations which the Peace Treaty has created.

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[*The Telegraph, December 12, 1919*]

THE CHAOS OF THE WORLD

BY ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

THERE has been no parallel in the history of the earth to the position in which we now find ourselves. We in our youth, and our fathers before us, talked of the Great War, and by the Great War they, of course, meant the Napoleonic War, which ended in 1814 and 1815. But the problem that presented itself to the statesmen of Europe and to the statesmen of this country in 1814 and 1815 was a mere laboratory experiment compared with what we have got to face at the present time. I do not care to what phase of contemporary history you turn your gaze, you will find that what I have said not only does not exceed the truth, but falls far short of it.

The statesmen assembled at the Congress of Vienna had to settle boundaries between great monarchies and great states — not an easy question. I think they have often been unduly attacked for the manner in which they solved the question, and attacked by those who forget that their fault was that they lived a hundred years ago — for which fact they were not responsible — and that they had to deal with the ideas that prevailed a hundred years ago and with the international situation which existed a hundred years ago. But, however that may be, the questions that came before them were insignificant compared with the questions that we have got to deal with; and, what makes the thing far more difficult for us to settle than for them, the Great Powers of Europe — on whichever side they were ranged — had not, in spite of the prolonged length of the Napoleonic Wars, suffered in their economic position, in their military position, or in any position in a manner comparable to that in which Europe has suffered during the five years in which this terrific struggle has been going on.

If you want an illustration of that, you have only got to remember what happened in Austria. The result of the Napoleonic Wars was to leave all the great states still great states. There were readjustments and boundaries, there were changes, and Napoleon's scheme of conquering Europe was destroyed — no doubt a magnificent work. But we have had to deal at Paris with the destruction of that historic empire. It has been shattered into fragments, it has been cut up, according to nationalities, into a set of states which, as states, have had no experience of self-government, which had been brought into an artificial unity under the late Austrian Empire, but which are torn by old passions, divided by ancient differences, and, above all, shattered by economic difficulties; and it is this economic question, added to the political question, which makes the present position so extraordinarily difficult.

That was not the case a hundred years ago. I do not, of course, mean to say that a hundred years ago Europe could be swept by the Napoleonic armies — small as they were according to modern ideas — without a great dislocation of industry and a great loss

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of international wealth; but, in the first place, the economic position and the economic interdependence of nations were far less complicated in those days than at present, and, in the second place, the disturbance of industry was incomparably smaller.

In our own country — unravaged by the enemy, untouched, safe behind our victorious fleet — we have seen the whole resources of the community diverted from purposes of peace to purposes of war. No such thing happened in the 'Great War'; no such industrial revolution took place or could take place. We probably have been able to stand it better than any European nation — but we know what we have suffered. Think what the others have suffered; and the result is that, in addition to all the difficulties arising from what may be called political causes — troubles about boundaries, troubles about international jealousies and bitternesses — hostilities which are far greater, believe me, far more unexpectedly greater, than perhaps appears in the public papers — we have not only had to struggle with that, but we have had to struggle with a condition of economic suffering, or suffering induced by economic causes, to which there is no parallel in the world.

This war came upon us when the industrial system had been highly developed: It shattered that industrial system. The system depended upon credit, and international credit has largely gone. There may be workmen in Central Europe at the present moment anxious to work; they cannot get the raw material because they cannot pay for it, and they cannot pay for it because the whole system of credit, which is the system of international payments, has itself been shaken to the dust; and the consequence is that there are populations at this moment in Central and Eastern Europe whose condition is absolutely deplorable. Starvation, want of food, want of fuel, want of the common necessaries of life are reducing millions to despair, with all the consequences which despair brings with it in its train. That is the sort of situation that the victorious Coalition has had to meet, but the Coalition, though victorious, itself consists of nations profoundly exhausted by war. They have not got millions to throw away on other people, they have not got unlimited forces at their disposal to send to any spot in Europe where they may be required. Each of us is, by the necessities of the case, bound to consider its own interests, and each of us is bound to ask how we are to build up again that industrial fabric which the war has utterly shattered.

I do not believe you can exaggerate the difficulties which thus present themselves to any government which has, like our government, to take a leading part in this world reconstruction; and — unfortunately, as I think — one of the greatest, the greatest of our allies feels, apparently, that it cannot go through with us to the end in this process of reconstruction. I need not say that I am not going to criticize any allied country, nor any party in any allied country. I think it is utterly out of place for a foreigner to take upon himself the position of a critic, and I am not going to do it; but it would be a very poor compliment to my American friends to say that we regarded with indifference the fact that they have not seen their way to carry through, in coöperation with us, this work of international reconstruction to the end.

The part that they played in the war was a noble and a disinterested part. In no thought of personal or national ambition, for no selfish object, they came in in the early part of 1917,

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and threw themselves into the struggle with most admirable and decisive results. We are grateful to them, and we ought to be grateful to them — but I confess that I had dreamed that the work so nobly begun would be effectively carried through. It seemed to me that the future of the world, the peace of the world, the prevalence of high ideals in world policy, might be furthered to a degree incalculable in the magnitude and in the quality of its results, if only the great English-speaking peoples could work together in the cause of liberty and in the cause of peace.

I know full well that in the cause of liberty and in the cause of peace American coöperation will still be forthcoming. I know that they are not going to abandon as a nation — and I know that no party in America is going to abandon — these great ideas. I do not suggest it; but I have to admit that it seems more than likely that in that direct and organized coöperation, represented by the work which we did in Paris, we cannot count to the full upon that direct result, that direct action which would make the assistance of the great American democracy of tenfold value, could it be only forthcoming. Therefore, I know I shall not be misunderstood by my American friends — even by those of them who are most convinced that the true interests of their country lie in an opposite direction — when I say that to us individually (and, I think, to my friends also, but I dare not speak for more than myself in this case), there is a feeling of regret that so much common work between the two countries should have come to an end before its full fruition could be enjoyed by the world at large.

When I touched upon this episodic subject, I was discussing the difficulties which this country and every allied country has got to face. Another difficulty — but faintly adumbrated a hundred years ago after the Napoleonic Wars — is the social unrest to be seen in every country in the world, although its manifestations are different in form and different in degree. I do not know that any of us could foresee this particular result of the war, but, looking back, I think we must all admit that we ought to have foreseen it. That wisdom which comes to all of us after the event is probably denied to no man, and certainly it is not denied to me. I did not foresee it; but, looking back, I perceive that I ought to have foreseen it, for you cannot shake the whole fabric of a community to pieces, as it was shaken to pieces in the stress of this war, and not anticipate that each country in its own way and according to its own national characteristics, will, after peace has been declared, show unmistakable and sometimes tragic signs of the ordeal through which it has passed.

So it is in Europe — and, I believe I ought to add, America also — and it has been aggravated, as we all know, by the condition of Russia. Here we have upon the Eastern frontier of Europe, stretching far across Asia to the Pacific, this enormous community — far the largest, in point of numbers, of any European state — which, when the war broke out, had no unitary institutions except the autocracy which has gone, and the Church which, through its subservience to the autocracy, has lost (I hope only temporarily) much of its power. Nothing is left.

You have these uncountable millions, not educated, not practised in public affairs, not allowed that education which is given to all the democracies of the West, with no institutions beyond the village community — a community which has in it nothing that leads to an organic whole, but

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which consists merely of small self-managing bodies of peasants placed side by side over the country, with no traditions, with nothing which seems to aid a great nation to extricate itself from all the difficulties which are serious even to the most advanced countries which have gone through a revolution. And you have it lying there in Europe and in Asia, surrounded by small communities of different race, of different language, of different religion, all of which formed part of the empire under the autocracy, but each of which now desires that its own destinies shall be carried out in accordance with the principle of self-determination.

No problem more difficult has ever presented itself to the Russian statesmen, and when you come to try to put it right from the outside — when an appeal is made to those who are not Russians to get Russia out of her internal difficulties, the problem grows in complexity and increases in obscurity, and the man who says he sees his way clearly in the midst of this formless and chaotic welter to reorganize a new free, self-governing, and constitutional Russia is in my opinion grossly deceiving himself. But with Russia in this state of social chaos, how is it possible, with the communications which now join all civilized societies, that there shall not be evil influences radiating from it to other districts and to neighboring nations? And those neighboring nations, what is their condition? These unhappy populations find themselves threatened with this vicious circle.

Suffering, hardship, starvation bring inevitably in their train social discontent; the wild striving for anything that is new in the desire to destroy everything that is old. The next stage is that these elements of disorder get their way, and the country, which had been already suffering because, through the absence of credit and the disorganization of industry, it could not produce, finds its credit still further shattered, its powers of production still further diminished, suffering still further increased, discontent from the storm of suffering growing yet apace, and so in this vicious circle, this appalling whirlpool, we see what were flourishing parts of Europe now threatened with even greater destruction.

I confess that it is impossible for any man to look at what is now going on in Central and Eastern Europe without deep anxiety for the future for many years to come. We cannot disinterest ourselves from these problems, and yet, although we cannot disinterest ourselves from them, we are, of course, far less well equipped for dealing with them than we were in the full tide of our pre-war prosperity. Therefore, it is that the task of those responsible for guiding the external policy of the country is one of great anxiety and difficulty. It is one that taxes them to the uttermost of their resources and one which they cannot hope, in any reasonable time, to bring to anything that can be called a dramatically triumphant conclusion.

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[*Die Zukunft, September 27, 1919*]

GERMAN EDUCATION BEFORE THE WAR

BY MAX HARDEN

LITTLE Willy Krause's favorite playthings were soldiers. His first ones were made of wood and were very ugly, so he tired of them. But when little Willy took a fancy to the dolls of his sister, and amused himself by dressing and undressing the plump, blond ladies with their red cheeks and blue eyes, his father said: 'That won't do for a boy.' And so next Christmas Eve Willy found two boxes of tin soldiers under the tree. Afterwards he got many lead soldiers, excellently made — blue dragoons, red hussars, white cuirassiers with gold and black breastplates, infantry, artillery, real cannon, gray warships with torpedo tubes, even a whole brigade of marines. These were glorious. Little Willy soon could identify every uniform, every mark of rank, all the chevrons, shoulder straps, stars, and medals. He had reviews on the floor; he manœuvred, had naval battles, and repelled landings with shore batteries. He strutted about in a helmet, uniform, and cavalry boots, with an unsheathed, trailing sabre. When he grew a little older he wore a sailor-suit with a cap having on the ribbon — 'His Majesty's ship Wörth.' As soon as he could read, he devoured books praising wars and warriors, and describing battles in such a way that he saw only their glory and never their cruelty and misery.

After school, when the boys played 'robbers' and 'soldiers' he never wanted to be a robber, but always to fight for justice and order. He assumed as a matter of course that soldiers never fought for anything else than justice and order. Since he early observed that the sturdy pupils who were good at athletics and fighting were more highly regarded by their comrades and teachers than the physical weaklings who wore glasses and excelled in Greek or mathematics, he soon concluded that physical strength was the source of all honor.

He had to study a great deal. Since his parents did not know what career to choose for him, he was packed full of humanistic lumber and scientific facts.

There was no coeducation, so that young men and women might learn to appreciate each other's character and capacities. The 'Einheitschule,' where children of every class and rank of society associate with each other for at least the first years of their course, was still a thing of the future. Consequently the boy learned to respect neither the other sex nor the common people. He was not allowed to talk even to the maidservants, because this was contrary to domestic discipline; and if he asked why the son of the porter, although a remarkably bright lad, was permitted to go only to the 'Volkschule' and then set to work in the factory, he was told that he ought not to question the divine institutions of society, and to devote his attention to forwarding his own interests instead of bothering his head with useless speculations about others. His parents, relatives, and teachers united in exhorting him to be strong and courageous and to get ahead and earn money, and to win high position.

To be sure, this did not fully accord with what he was taught in school concerning religion. Humility and simplicity and honor were given some formal attention there, and he heard of the vanity of heroism and warlike success and earthly attainment; but he gained the impression that this doctrine applied to another world, or at

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least was limited to Sundays and holidays. These were the only occasions when a man really ought to follow Christ. The person who was peace-loving and sympathetic on workdays and not centred on making money, who had love for his fellow men and was ready to share his plenty with the poor, would never get forward, and was headed straight toward life in an attic. Religious instruction and the rest of the school course were not correlated. The total effect of school influence was to leave him with an impression that the old Germanic gods still ruled in heaven.

History covered a broad field — at least, what they called history. (Is there really such a thing? Is it anything more than the vision of an individual temperament, than a tradition — an accepted fairy tale which is inherited from generation to generation? Just imagine what the history from the years 1914 to 1915 will be in different countries, if things go on as they always have done!) He was saturated with patriotism like a sponge with water. His own country was always divinely right and always did greater things than any other country. He had to memorize multitudes of dates and royal names. History was a record of kings and commanders and wars and soldiers. This did not apply to what was taught the boys alone. His sister Bertha went to the Gymnasium. In her junior year she was required to draw the strategic plan of deployment for the battle of Dennewitz, where the Prussian general von Bülow defeated Marshal Ney in 1813. Alas, for the boy who did not know all the principal battles from Cannae to Sedan! It was not necessary to know much of peoples, their character and modes of thought, and their intellectual and economic development. All his teaching was Germanocentric, and the two national holidays of the year, the Emperor's birthday and Sedan Day, were always observed with formal speeches — 'Because the German is the most industrious and most competent of men he is hated. For centuries his cunning neighbors prevented him in his innocence and good nature from attaining national unity. The bravest of his race had to fight for this ideal with the sword. They became the leaders of the new advance. Now the Germans have reached the summit of power and are more hated than ever. Any day the hour may strike which forces them to draw the sword. That sword must always be sharp enough to defend their holiest possessions. Consequently, the spirit of combat must be made the very core of our nature. Universal service, a high, strong sense of honor, a powerful monarchy, strict discipline, absolute obedience — only these institutions and qualities assure our national future from the designs of our neighbors. If we maintain our ascendancy the words of the poet will become true: "At last the world will reach perfection on the German model."' Thus in substance spoke the festal orators.

'The republican form of government is inevitably corrupt and betokens a deteriorating and declining nation. The French are vain, hot-headed, decadent comedians or dancing masters. The English are cunning beasts of prey with long canine teeth, exploiters of the world and bloodsuckers of nations. The Italian loafs idly in his gondola, plays the mandolin, eats rissoto and macaroni, and supports himself on the bounty of the foreigners who visit his art galleries and museums. The Americans kneel in worship of the almighty dollar in every story of their lofty skyscrapers. A whole ocean separates them from the high ideals of Europe, and they owe to German im-

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migrants, from Steuben to Carl Schurz, all the better qualities of their character.' This is the view of his neighbors which was inculcated in the heart of every German school boy. Was that not called 'history'? And every dissenter was stigmatized as unpatriotic and unworthy of respect.

The obligation of patriotism was drilled into every German boy from the time he played with lead soldiers. He was not taught to rejoice, indeed, in his own national qualities and to endeavor by every means to ennoble them, but also to rejoice that other flowers bloomed in the garden of humanity. No, his only duty was to regard his own people as the ultimate, perfect product of human evolution and the crown of creation. The word 'international' which radiates from all Christian history, all art, and all science, was with him a word of reproach, synonymous with lack of patriotism. Humanity was an empty phrase, smuggled in from the West by nations who would befuddle the German Samson with pleasant words, in order to shear him of his locks.

[*Berliner Tageblatt, December 11, 1919*]

THE KAUTSKY DOCUMENTS

BY GRAF MAX MONTGELAS

It is not the purpose of this article to review critically the German documents concerning the origin of the war recently published, or to pass judgment upon the political leadership of the German Empire and of its allies and enemies during the fateful July days of 1914. I purpose simply to describe what two editors, Professor Schücking and myself, conceived their task to be and how they fulfilled it. From the outset we were fully agreed that nothing should be done without a perfect understanding with Mr. Karl Kautsky, who had been entrusted with the publication of the documents during the period from November 1918 to May of the present year. Above all, no document, however insignificant, was to be omitted without Kautsky's consent. On the other hand, each of us retained the privilege of insisting upon the publication of any document which he considered significant enough to be included in the collection.

The result of our common survey of the material was the selection of 937 documents for complete publication and of 186 documents, the contents of which should be summarized in the notes. The total is, therefore, 1123 documents with more than 3000 annotations. Contrasted with this, the Russian Orange Book contains 79, the French Yellow Book, omitting duplications from other publications, 159, and the English Blue Book, including five parliamentary speeches, 166.

In addition to the correspondence mentioned in the preface, we published first of all 22 new documents, part of which were not in the Foreign Office files but in the archives of other imperial departments. Furthermore, we printed in the appendix 35 reports, telegrams, and memoranda of telephone conversations from the records of the Bavarian Embassy in Berlin. These Bavarian reports give a comprehensive picture of the state of mind in the governing circles at Berlin during the last decisive days. They picture clearly the alternating war enthusiasm and hope of peace.

We were able in addition to review the documents which we received early in October this year from the archives of the German Embassy in Vienna, for the purpose of clearing up certain inconsistencies between the original Vienna drafts and the deciphered messages in the Foreign Office,

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and to establish the precise hour at which the more important Berlin telegrams were received by our Embassy in Austria. The serious delays in telegraphic communication over the crowded wires are illustrated by the following example. A long dispatch of 447 words sent at 2.55 A.M., July 30, urging the imperative necessity of limiting the military operations of Austria-Hungary to Belgrade and its immediate vicinity, did not reach the Embassy in Vienna until 9.30 P.M. The message was deciphered and brought to Graf Berchtold at breakfast the following day. He had it read over twice, sitting 'pale and silent' until it was concluded, when he said that he would immediately inform the Emperor of its contents. A decision was then postponed until the arrival of Graf Tisza on the 31st. However, news of the general mobilization of the Russian army arrived the same morning. About six minutes after 1 P.M. that afternoon, or an hour after issuing the order mobilizing his own army, the Emperor Franz Josef telegraphed Kaiser Wilhelm, who had supported Grey's proposal of the previous day by personal telegram: 'The movement of my army against Serbia cannot be stopped by the threatening and challenging attitude of Russia.' Mediation thereupon became impossible.

The text of the documents has not been abbreviated or modified. It should be particularly noted that we have not changed the wording as is customary in order to protect the secrecy of our ciphers. Even mistakes in copying have been reproduced. We have also shown in the notes wherever the first draft of the writing differs from its final form. There is no justification, as anyone familiar with the way business is transacted in high government circles knows, for drawing conclusions from such modifications; for the person who first drafts a dispatch or memorandum is not always the real author, and is frequently following sketchy instructions from his superior. Moreover, subsequent modifications are not invariably the work of the person in whose hand they are written.

The historical student will find his labors greatly facilitated by numerous cross-references from one document to another, which will enable him to pick up at once all the passages relating to the same incident or transaction.

The documents have been published in strict chronological order, and the date of dispatch was taken wherever it was known. We should observe, however, that a cipher telegram delivered to the telegraph office at 11.00 A.M. may have been actually drafted at 10.00 A.M., or before a cipher telegram received at 10.00 A.M. could be deciphered and read. Moreover, an urgent or a short cipher telegram dispatched at 10.00 A.M. may sometimes go on the wire later than a less urgent or a long cipher telegram that did not leave the Foreign Office until 10.30 A.M. We were not able to judge, therefore, the precise hour at which every dispatch was written. An attempt to do so would have led to an arbitrary arrangement. The editors have, therefore, assumed the hours entered for the arrival and dispatch of telegrams in the Foreign Office as the determining hours for their chronological order. In case of the telegrams and letters of the Kaiser, we took the recorded hour of their departure or arrival at the palace. It should be noted further that the time given for Petrograd dispatches is one hour later, and for Paris dispatches one hour earlier, than Berlin time.

Documents that were not received by telegraph were recorded at the Foreign Office merely with the notation 'Forenoon' or 'Afternoon.' Con-

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sequently, they are arranged only in approximate chronological order. This slight inaccuracy is increased by the fact that important communications were often read and annotated before they were entered in the office records.

The marginal annotations of the Kaiser were included by Mr. Kautsky in the published acts. A sensation-loving public is sure to be deeply interested in these marginal remarks, written in a style and an orthography mimicking those of Frederick the Great. Serious historical students will be inclined to distinguish, however, between the impulsive memoranda jotted down on the margin of these documents, and the carefully pondered instructions appended at the end. A careful perusal will show that many of these final instructions were received too late to be of value, while others, though promptly dispatched, were never carried out. These marginal notes of the Emperor, as well as the passages he underlined in writing, have been indicated by special type.

We carefully refrained from every expression of individual opinion regarding the contents of the documents, and from any commentary upon them that might reflect our personal views or prejudices. We have not even ventured to correct obvious errors in the documents themselves. The only exception is in case of a memorandum attached to one of the documents at a subsequent date, in the summer of 1917, by an official who did not participate in the events of 1914 and who does not cite the source of his information. This is a memorandum referring to a 'conference of military men' supposed to have occurred on July 6, 1914, at Potsdam. The public already knows that a careful inquiry addressed to all persons who could possibly have been concerned shows that on the morning of July 6, only three officers were summoned individually for short personal conferences with the emperor, and informed briefly of the plans of Austria-Hungary against Serbia and the possible political and military tension that would result.

In concluding this dry statement of our editorial labors, which included the most literal possible translation of some 80 documents in foreign languages, and preparing the usual indices, we wish to express two hopes:

The first is that our people at home may study the materials which the German Government, with an unexampled frankness has made public, without partisan prejudice or rancor, solely in a truth-seeking spirit.

The other hope is that the countries who were our enemies in the recent bloody struggle of nations may shortly follow the example of the German and Austrian republics and open their own secret archives to the people. Many brave men in those lands have already ventured sharp criticism of the measures taken by their governments. Lord Loreburn, in a book published last September entitled *How the War Came*, has presented a version of these events quite different from the official account of the London Foreign Office. Mr. E. D. Morel, who fought the cause of truth at a great personal sacrifice during the war, has written a brilliant article upon pre-war diplomacy in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs*. G. Demartial, an officer of the Legion of Honor, has presented the cause of the champions of truth in France in *Clarté* of October 24, in an article simultaneously published also in England and Italy, entitled 'Patriotism and Responsibility for the War.' We hope that these men will find imitators and that public opinion even beyond the boundaries of Germany will force all governments to bring to light their secret documents.

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[*The International Review*]

HOW THE WAR CAME

BY FRANCIS W. HIRST

AGREEING with the editor that the moral and political questions raised by Earl Loreburn's book are — to put it mildly — of future importance, I could not well refuse a request to deal with my friend, Professor Gilbert Murray's counter-statements. It has been my lot to criticize the aggressive policy of Liberal Imperialism in all its stages — first when it was directed against France, then when it was directed against the Dutch Republics in South Africa, and lastly, when it was directed against Austria and Germany. Murray used to be a Liberal and Anti-Imperialist, following the Gladstone tradition. His reason for approving of Grey's war policy and diplomatic record seems to be his idea that no one was to blame outside Germany and Austria. There was no 'quarrel,' he assures us. Serbia was not to blame, Russia was not to blame. It was just a plot. 'The plot originated in Germany and Austria, and affected the whole of Europe, including ourselves.'

To my mind, the war was a clash between two imperialisms, the one dominated by the Czar, the other by the Kaiser. One of the prime causes of the war was the Russo-Serb conspiracy to break up Austria-Hungary. Another was the French Government's desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine. Both designs had a national justification. Both acquired the support of Sir Edward Grey.

After the war had begun the aggressive character and designs of both imperialisms became manifest. The publication of the Secret Treaties, as well as the Treaty of Brest Litovsk and other documents, have shown what the victors intended. Our clean peace has carried out the Secret Treaties. It is abominably unclean, but not a word of protest has been raised against it by either Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey or Lord Haldane. Nor did one of them support Lord Lansdowne, when he tried (with Professor Murray's approval) to save Europe by diplomacy. The legend of Sir Edward Grey's peacefulness is a friendly fabrication. Great Britain has been engaged in more than a dozen wars in his time. He has supported every one — even those which Liberals most vehemently opposed. It is to him and to the Liberal Imperialist League that we owe the abandonment of the English policy inaugurated by Cobden, but established by Gladstone and Salisbury, of non-intervention in the quarrels of the Continent.

It is to the same imperialistic policy that we owe the disappearance of the Concert of Europe, the revival of the theory that it is our duty to trim the Balance of Power, and finally, when the crisis came, a definite refusal to follow the course by which Gladstone and Granville saved Belgium from invasion in the Franco-German War of 1870.

I share Lord Loreburn's opinion that if the policy of Cobden and Gladstone had been maintained there would have been no war. It is at any rate certain that we should not have lost 800,000 men and 8,000,000,000 of money. These are the fruits of the secret conversations and of Sir Edward Grey's 'almost faultless diplomacy.' Might it not have been better if there had been no secrecy and no diplomacy at all — only plain truth and magnificent isolation? If instead of thrusting our hands into the Balkan caldron we had kept by our own firesides, I feel sure in my own mind that the world would have been very much happier to-day. 'Mind your own business' is a pretty good maxim for any Foreign Office.

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Knighterrantry is neither philanthropy nor patriotism. But Professor Murray has somehow persuaded himself that the policy of Cobden and Gladstone became obsolete about the year 1900, and that Sir Edward Grey did well for his country and countrymen in weaving that mysterious and intricate web which was a compact yet not a compact, an obligation yet not an obligation, an honorable understanding which could, yet could not, be repudiated.

But though he defends his eminent friend with much gallantry and zeal he remains dissatisfied with the result. Of course, he says, our Generals and Admirals had to work secretly with the French — and (he might have added) with the Russians. But the policy after all is 'odious.' Hence 'the necessity of a League of Nations.' It is necessary, he thinks, 'just because the old British policy of isolation has become impossible.' Then, my dear Murray, why, in heaven's name, did not Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane discover this alternative when they broke with Cobden and Gladstone? They abandoned the policy which kept us at peace. They substituted the policy which led us into the most disastrous war in our history. And now their most eloquent champion finds the fruits of our intervention so bitter, so odious, that another peace policy — the policy of a League of Nations — has now become 'a necessity.'

I have read Lord Loreburn's book very carefully and can speak with some confidence of his opinions on foreign policy. The book itself is the best refutation of its critics. Professor Murray makes no attempt to challenge any of the facts or quotations on which the author builds up his case against Secret Diplomacy. True, he seeks to justify Sir Edward Grey's concealments from the Cabinet and from Parliament, by saying that they were authorized by the Prime Minister. But that is no answer to the charge of deceiving his other colleagues. It only shows, if true, that the Prime Minister was a party to the deception.

But what are we to think of this effort to shuffle off the blame on to a man who is dead? I have spoken to two of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's colleagues and to his private secretary. They are convinced that Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman did not authorize the policy and proceedings which Sir Edward Grey first disclosed to the public on August 3, 1914.

It will be remembered that within a few days or weeks of taking office, Sir Edward Grey, without consulting the Cabinet, told the French and German ambassadors that he thought British opinion would be ready to fight over the Morocco question for France against Germany. Then with this war policy in view he authorized the military and naval conversations, so that our Admirals and Generals could lay their plans conjointly with France. Sir Edward Grey's excuses for not summoning the Cabinet are too thin to be worth repeating. His statement that, as his colleagues were scattered electioneering, he could not consult them, is untrue. The Lord Chancellor was in London. Mr. Haldane and Mr. Asquith were in Scotland. He consulted Mr. Haldane and Mr. Asquith. He concealed this momentous move from the Lord Chancellor. Why? The inference is obvious. He dare not have told the truth to Earl Loreburn; and he dare not tell the Cabinet (which met on January 3 and January 31, 1906); for had he done so there would have been an end of the Foreign Minister's war policy and possibly of his term of office.

In conclusion, it may be useful to

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summarize Lord Loreburn's view of what British policy should have been.

1. We ought from the beginning to have abstained from intervention in the quarrels of Continental Powers.

2. Any British Government which decided to break with the old policy and to join a Continental camp, should have made military preparations adequate for the gigantic struggle to which it was committing the country.

3. And the policy of interference once adopted should have been fully and clearly stated. All that was done should have been done with the foreknowledge and approval of Parliament. The mere publication of the truth — with a full warning to our prospective enemies — would almost certainly have prevented the war.

It is absurd to say that Lord Loreburn wanted a huge conscript army. What he wanted was non-intervention, veracity, and publicity. What he shows is that the policy pursued was doubly wrong. It was bad in itself and doubly bad because it had to be concealed from the Cabinet, from Parliament, from the country, and from prospective enemies who gambled on the assumption that Great Britain would stand neutral.

I have said, I believe, all that is necessary, and will only add one caution. Earl Loreburn's exposure of Liberal Imperialism does not — and is not intended to — diminish the guilt of those who started the war on the Continent and drove whole nations of young men like sheep to the slaughter.

[*The Venturer*]

THE MEADOW FIELDS

(*An Old Song*)

BY ERNEST RHYS

All in the morning early,
How sweet the air did smell
That came across the meadow fields,
All in the morning time.

The grass was glittering crystal,
With the gleaming of the dew;
The sun danced in the meadow fields
All in the morning time.

A small boy, I went roving,
And saw the high-road climb
To heaven, beyond the meadow fields
All in the morning time.

Now, I am sore perplexed
That sit with God on high,
To see heaven lie in the meadow fields
All in the morning time.

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[*The New Statesman, December 13, 1919*]

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

DURING the last stage of the dinner the host came round to you and said, in that politely casual tone of a man who knows more than you do, but who would not like the fact to appear: 'Got your ticket safe? Might be as well to keep an eye on it till you 're inside.' You then divined that you were about to enter another world, a world where the eruptive potentialities of the social organism may show themselves more disconcertingly than in yours. And the inflections of your reply tried to prove that you were an accustomed citizen of that other world. Later, the host said: 'I brought a knuckle duster with me.' He presented the steely instrument for inspection. 'You can do some useful work with that on your fingers,' he said, and added fatalistically: 'But, of course, it would n't be any good if half a dozen of 'em set on you at once.' In answer to the naïve query, 'How do you get there?' he said: 'Oh! That 'll be all right. I've got fifteen taxis at the door.' Fifteen taxis at the door! It, indeed, is another world, and one which the taxi driver comprehends and approves. Could anybody get fifteen taxis at any door for an excursion to the Albert Hall for a League of Nations meeting, or to Lowndes Square to hear Robert Nichols recite at Mrs. Kinfoot's? Nobody could.

The crowds began long before the stadium was reached. The street was narrow and dark, and in an empty space scores of huge policemen were watching the eruptive potentialities. You clutched your ticket, for, after all, it bore the figures £10 10*s*. Still, there was no difficulty about entering. You noticed the thick solidity of the barriers paneled with barbed wire, but they opened quickly for you, and the strong attendants had none of the geographical indecisions which characterize nonchalant programme-girls in figleaf white aprons over short black frocks. As you squeezed into the central enclosure of the auditorium, close to the ring (a squared circle), where one of the preliminary bouts was in progress, the final attendant said quickly: 'Sit down here until the end of the round, sir.' Ferocious homicidal yells from behind reinforced him: 'Sit down! Sit down!' You sat down quickly — anywhere. The attendant crouched on his haunches. (This was not *Tristan*, of which ten or twenty bars don't in the least matter. This was pugilism, the most holy and impassioning sacrament of its world.) A few seconds more and you were in your seat, one of four or five thousand. You realized that the affair had been wonderfully organized and rehearsed.

In came Mr. Cochran, the mysterious organizer, escorting the Prince of Wales, the Prince holding a cigar just in the manner of his grandfather, and Mr. Cochran looking rather like one of the Antonines. Mr. Cochran gazed around at the vast advertisements of his own theatres, and at the cinema operators precariously suspended over balconies. Mr. Cochran had thought-

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fully provided loops of rope for them to rest their feet in. Mr. Cochran had forgotten nothing. It was his hour. He deserved it. It pains me as a professional observer that I cannot recall whether the Prince and Mr. Cochran wore smoking jackets or swallow-tails. Opinion was divided as to the sartorial proprieties. Some star actors and some millionaires wore smoking jackets; some star actors and some millionaires wore swallow-tails.

The millionaires were richly represented. There they were, dotted about, the genial wizards who have removed Arlington Street from the map, who are said to have the government in their pockets, and who assert with calm conviction that 'Lloyd George can't put it over *them*.' Women were certainly too few; some had sought to atone for the paucity by emulating the attire of the gladiators in the ring. They made futile spots of sex on ten guineas' worth of plush in an environment where Aphrodite had no status whatever.

The raised ring was already well illuminated, but soon many lamps that had been unlit fizzed into activity, and dazzling torrents of bluish light rained down a treble-X radiance on the battle ground. The cinema men prepared themselves. The last of the preliminary bouts finished. An M.C. climbed into the ring and besought the audience to stop smoking, so that the champions about to dispute the mastery of a continent might breathe more easily. The celebrated Mr. B. J. Angle, whose word was to be law to the champions, climbed into the ring and delivered a short homily. Mr. B. J. Angle was evidently a man who knew his own mind, and who also knew his world. Some persons were pained because he wore a gray suit and brown boots at 10 P.M. in the presence of the Prince, and they did not hesitate to express their narrow-mindedness. A little box, covered with advertisement, was deposited in the centre of the ring. It contained the gloves. The sublime moment approached. You had a unique sensation; you admitted to yourself that it was well worth ten guineas, and also that the subject of the reconstruction of Europe lacked actuality.

Beckett and train appeared first, and the train was so numerous as to be bewildering. For a moment you thought that both boxers and both trains must be in the ring. You understood better the immense costliness of a really great fight, and the complexity of the machinery which is necessary to perfect it. You perceived that though eight thousand pounds was to be divided between the combatants, neither would be overpaid when he had reckoned his time and discharged his expenses. When Carpentier and train appeared, the ring was like a market place. One figure, Carpentier, stood out astonishingly from all the rest. All the rest had the faces and the carriage of bruisers. Nobody could have taken Carpentier for a boxer. He might have been a barrister, a poet, a musician, a Foreign Office attaché, a Fellow of All Souls; but not a boxer. He had an air of intellectual or artistic distinction. And long contact with the very physical world of pugilism had not apparently affected his features in the slightest degree. In the previous six years he had matured, but not coarsened. He seemed excessively out of place in the ring. You could not comprehend what on earth he was doing there. Surely he must have lost his way! Beckett, a magnificent form, but with a countenance from which you would not infer much power of ratiocination, gazed long at Carpentier from under his forehead, whereas, Carpentier

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scarcely glanced at Beckett. At one moment Beckett appeared to you like a dumb victim trying to penetrate the secrets of a higher and inscrutable power; at another moment you were persuaded that grim Beckett was merely contemplating his poor destined intellectual victim with the most admirable British detachment. At one moment you felt that Carpentier must inevitably be crushed; at another moment you were convinced that if Carpentier was not too many for Beckett, then the course of civilization had been very misleading.

I know nothing about boxing; my opinion on boxing would be worth about as much as Beckett's on Scriabine. But I had seen Carpentier, in 1913, when he was a boy, knock out Bombardier Wells at the National Sporting Club in less than two minutes, and the performance was so brilliant, so easy, so natural, that I could not believe that anybody else would ever knock out Carpentier. Now, however, I was overborne by the weight of expert prophecy. All the experts were certain that Beckett must win. Some of them murmured something perfunctory about the million-to-one chance of an early knock-out by Carpentier, but none of them had in reality any fear of such a chance. I surrendered, and privily told myself what a simpleton I had been to imagine for a single instant that Carpentier would not be smashed. (I forgot the peculiar accents in which Lord Fisher said to me in 1915, that *his* life then was 'nothing but one damned expert after another.') Further, the experts killed Carpentier immediately they saw him. They said he was not in condition; they liked not the color of his skin; they said he had gone right off; they said he was a dead man. And I submissively persuaded myself that this was so.

The ritualistic prologue to the encounter seemed to take a very long time. But it served excellently its purpose of heightening the excitement of expectation. When the bell at length rang, and Beckett and Carpentier approached each other lonely in the ring, beneath a million candle power of radiance, and the whole barbaric stadium was stilled, and hearts knocked remindingly under waistcoats — in that moment, even those who had paid twenty-five guineas for a ten-guinea seat must have felt that they had got a bargain.

There had been some grand fighting before the big event, particularly between Eddie Feathers and Gus Platts, and experts had said: 'This will be the best fighting of the evening. You 'll see. A championship match is never any good.' The devoted experts were wrong again. In five seconds the championship fighting stood plainly in a class apart, thanks solely to Carpentier. Carpentier caught Beckett on the nose at once. Beckett positively had to rub his nose, an act which made the strong men around me shudder. Beckett was utterly outclassed. He never had a chance. The stadium beheld him lying stunned on his face. And the sight of Beckett prone, and Carpentier standing by him listening to the counting of allotted seconds, was the incredible miraculous consummation of all the months of training, all the organization, all the advertising, all the expenditure, all the frenzy. Aphrodite, breaking loose in the shape of a pretty girl *bien maquillée*, rushed to the ring. Men raised her in their arms, she raised her face; and Carpentier bent over the ropes and kissed her passionately amid the ecstasies of joy and disillusion that raged around them. That kiss seemed to be the bright flower of the affair. It summed up everything. Two minutes

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earlier Beckett in his majestic strength had been the idol of a kingdom. Now Beckett was a sack of potatoes, and Carpentier in might and glory was publicly kissing the chosen girl within a yard of the Prince of Wales.

We left the stadium immediately, though the programme of boxing was by no means concluded, and in Red Lion Square found our taxi-driver, whose claim to distinction was that his grandfather had been a friend of Mr. George R. Sims. All the streets of the vicinity were full of people abroad for the event. They were all aware of the result, for at the very doors of the stadium, on our emerging, a newspaper boy had offered us the news in print. They all stood or moved in attitudes of amaze, watching with rapt faces the long lines of departing motors. You perceived that the English race was profoundly interested and moved, and that nothing less than winning the greatest war could have interested and moved it more profoundly. This emotion was no product of a press campaign, but the press campaign was a correct symptom of it. It was as genuine as British fundamental decency.

Not Beckett alone had been stunned. The experts were stunned. Their prime quality of being ever cheery had gone from them. They could scarcely speak; there was naught to say; there was no ground for any argument. They were bowed with grief. Fate had heavily smitten them. One of them murmured: 'I consider it's a disgrace to Great Britain.' Another: 'It's the champion of Great Britain that's been beaten. . . . This—after Mdlle. Lenglen!' Where to go in these circumstances of woe? Obviously to the Eccentric Club. We went, and were solaced and steadied with an aged Courvoisier brandy. Sipping the incomparable liquid, and listening to the exact reconstitution of the battle by the experts, I reflected, all solitary in my own head, upon what, with such magnificent and quiet hospitality, I had been taken to see. Was the show worthy of the talents and the time lavished on its preparation and accomplishment, worthy of the tradition, of the prowess, of the fostering newspapers, of Mr. Cochran? It was. Was it a moral show? It was—as moral as an Inter-University Rugger match. Was it an æsthetic show? It was. Did it uplift? It did. Did it degrade? It did not. Was it offensive? No. Ought the noble art to continue? It ought. I had been deeply interested.

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[*The Times, December 5, 1919*]

STEVENSON TO-DAY

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since Stevenson's death and though on the whole his popularity persists, the number of those who attack the accepted view of his genius with dark sayings and subdued negations is on the increase; while the generation which has grown up with such tragic suddenness under war conditions finds itself regarding him with that attitude of kindly and agreeable patronage which is significant of more than youth's unconscious attitude toward the amiable indiscretions of its elders.

Much of this may be imputed to the mental prejudice of an age which prefers absolute attainment in one direction to comprehensive charm in a thousand, which applauds an idea as recklessly as its predecessor did homage to a moral. Possibly those of us who are too scientific to endure an effusive humanity in literature are in danger of overlooking the artistic elements in a most human writer. But the present-day conviction that to mingle and not to mix emotions and ideas is the first rule of an artist's conduct is bound to find in Stevenson an abrupt denial.

In a more singular sense, too, was Stevenson symptomatic of his age; his constitutional handicap is analogous to the physical placidity of the years in which he lived, when men occupied by the abstract processes of thought were bound to create for their own self-respect a world of action, which seems now theatrical, just because it was divorced from experience. It was a time which demanded so loudly that its knights should be knights that it made them into carpet knights; and its heroes in their large vague attitudes are rejected by those who have learned at first hand what narrow elbow-room the heroic allows.

Fact has not so much killed fancy as enlarged it, and is in the course of developing it, as a force of realism, into imagination. It has in Stevenson's case tamed the audacity of his romance and converted the war he waged so fiercely against respectability in *The Yellow Paint*, *The House of Faith*, and elsewhere into a mimic battle, in which the adversaries are a host of shades. Contrary to all precedent, the only romanticism generally acceptable to-day is that of experience. Sassoon's poetry, for instance, is preferred to Binyon's by the men who have closed with war; we note it as a fact rather than a reliable estimation, for Stevenson's case is not dissimilar. Not unnaturally his constant exhortation to manliness has lost is felicity in the strident company of recruiting sergeants; and he is forced by circumstances into the position of the talkative soldier who had to stay at home.

An age composed largely of men who have been compelled to suffer in silence is apt to attribute such a voluble pluck to the nerves of a weakling. 'I wish to die in my boots, he says, 'no more land of counterpane for me. To be drowned, to be shot, to be thrown from a horse — aye, to be hanged, rather than pass again through that slow dissolution.' To-day it sounds a trifle neurotic. Violence is not the fashion. Nor for that matter is optimism. Men's faith is less pretentious, and their wisdom less tolerant of the dishonorable consolations of

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sentiment. Stevenson lived and wrote on the principle that 'no art was ever perfect, and not many noble, that has not been mirthfully conceived.' We feel it to be the utterance of a man who has scarcely understood evil or the mistakes of providence; and although 'to miss the joy is to miss all,' we are inclined to turn his sword on himself and set him seeking the pulse of joy that must beat its tense vitality behind all the perfect art of sorrow. He detested the 'literature of woe,' but without discrimination, and though his romanticism was a faculty of optimism, we cannot find in it any such cosmic impulse as moved Whitman or Rabelais or Shakespeare to ecstasies of grief or ribaldry. Too often it strikes us as a forced laugh to hide a Calvinistic frown.

Stevenson's entirely natural genius was the story teller's. It was, indeed, the only aptitude in which he was instinctively an artist, and one which expressed itself not only in the masterly plot, but in the minute particulars of incident out of which he shaped those unforgettable descriptions, too numerous to instance, or made geography alive and mystical, as in his picture of the Bay of Monterey and the ocean-haunted, mist-invaded land about it. It was in *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Wrecker*, that he took middle-aged gentlemen as often as schoolboys on princely adventures which asked nothing of the mind; and it is only his temporary misfortune that we to-day have had enough of obvious adventure, and that 'brute incident' has cost too much in shattered limbs for men to take an immediate pleasure in it. But on such adventures he could well have gone on conducting them with indefinite success. He preferred, however, to submit himself to the training without which such a limited gift could never be turned into the working matter of a great novelist. It was in the narrative school of Dumas, the romantic of Scott, and the sentimental and anecdotal of Sterne that he studied most industriously.

To a great extent he was bound to compromise his natural gift in the process of training it for higher things. Much of his work, therefore, can only in fairness be regarded as the product of a diligent apprenticeship, and one which necessitated too much struggle to express the repose of art which is the other side of the conflict. And he, who was ever his own best critic, never ceased to see beyond 'better stuff.' Endowed with too many gifts, he had to spend twenty years in sorting them and creating a working agreement between them. His very facility in the stringing together of episode proved his worst enemy when he had to deal with character. Often it led him to introduce incidents at wrong moments, sometimes prayers, sometimes journal narratives of piratical braggadocio as wild interludes to tragedy, sometimes a false grimness in an hour of farce, or to develop a plot or a character along too many lines of advance. Where his native genius had the freest play, in the short story as, *The Merry Men*, or the dramatic or picturesque incident, or where his devices are judged in themselves as pieces of perfect workmanship, he attained not rarely the supreme form and language of art; but not until *Weir of Hermiston* (if we except the ecstatic farce of *The Wrong Box*) was the discipline complete, and his genius and his experience united on a large canvas. It is, indeed, tragic that such an education should have been, so far as we are concerned, for naught.

In the process, however, Stevenson created a hundred things which, beyond the ways of art, are a contribution to and a solace for humanity;

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and we may do well to consider briefly the temperament of a man who went to the arduous school of style, not, as often happens, because he had so little, but because he had so many things to say. In the first place, he was ever a boy. His writing is a game, in which he never quite lost himself enough to avoid trying to better his play instead of allowing the spirit of play to better him; others, however, he always wished to lose themselves in the game. We like to see him playing with his toys; but it is a game in which we are seldom tempted to share. He hated that spectatorial attitude which is wisdom's posture in all ages, and to avoid it he would often take his readers too much into his confidence for his own and his subject's dignity.

There is a subtle foolery about the very telling of *The New Arabian Nights;* and his narratives and journals are the creative rambles of a boy, preferably 'with a bull's-eye under his topcoat.' The boy, too, is his only entirely successful embodiment of manhood, while it is the child in him that renders his sensitive egotism so strangely indiscriminating that it vibrates toward the general attributes of men, rather than the peculiar qualities of genius, or blesses him with that immediate forgetfulness of suffering which we interpret as pluck. His very sermonizing is the trait of the precocious child, enthusiastically didactic in the face of all propriety — as in the midst of the villain's wanderings to insert: 'And how true it is, as the Church tells us, that the Truths of Religion are, after all, quite applicable to daily affairs.' Indeed, his childishness grew to be something of an evolved philosophy; frequently it was not spontaneous, frequently it has the ritual of a religion, and we fear the presence of the prig. But he is saved by his irrepressible fancy, which made morality sportive, and by a taste epicurean enough to serve such solid fare daintily. It was the child, too, that still created awful horror out of wind and darkness in *Thrawn Janet* and *The Body Snatchers*, when a man's mind could control an almost animal instinct to order.

His senses were possibly more finely frivolous than those of any man who has attained to eminence in literature, and they rendered him only too susceptible to life's incessant triviality. Thereby his romanticism suffers. The romantic movement made claim to a vast amount of new material which, from favoring the conception of elemental forces in life, came to be degraded to conventional or fanciful uses. To this degree Stevenson's whims too often consumed him, where the true romantic flood should have swept him beyond their little importunity. He was both too immaculate and too fanciful to write in the great romantic tradition; and though as a story teller all his sympathies were with Scott, where Scott worked in landscapes he worked in blades of grass, where Scott lurched and stumbled, paying the inconvenient penalty of gianthood, he planted his feet with scrupulous exactitude.

The classical in him which urged craftsmanship compromised the romantic, which cried out for audacious instinct. So the creatures of his fancy, if they were freed from some form of social conscience, usually became types of stage property. We can scarcely believe that his pirates, who were novel in their day, were not always part of the equipment of the world's nursery. They have hardened into a convention like Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and we are a little tired of their obvious manner. They have become characters, not of fear, but of ridicule. Each has in good

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earnest made himself 'a perfect figure of fun'; and these stamping, roaring, toasting, strutting emblems of impossible villainy trouble our peace no more. Even the walking of the plank has lost all its awful solemnity for a generation bred up on *Peter Pan*. The dead pirates of his creation are indeed more potent than the living — we confess to a shiver at the name of Flint; they are like the terror waiting behind the closed door which haunted Stevenson's mind. But of all his tricks of fear, perhaps, 'the tapping of Pew's stick' is most fated to frequent the nightmares of posterity.

But in a wider sense Stevenson could not learn the great novelist's secret of creating the plot which is its own commentary; and in his commenting he had too much humanity for humor, and too little humor for wit. Wise he was, but in that common sense that religion may welcome but art must refuse. He elaborated an idea until it deceived people with an appearance of cleverness. Rationalism he would have thought both cold and tedious; and wit must, indeed, be masterly to be both kind and cunning, as Lamb's was. While his talk is more brave than brilliant, his ideas lack the ruthlessness of either whole-hearted antagonism or support; and a want of ultimate vitality, an assumption of activity beyond his powers, suggest unreality in his most headstrong moments.

Thus, splendidly sympathetic, as he is, to all the turmoil of the sea, he is its pulse more than its master; we are still less comfortable when he tries so gallantly to play the man of the world in the Latin Quarter, or as the *bon vivant* to taste Nepan wine and interpret life and art in the terms of the dinner table. Our peace of mind is continually shattered by a foreknowledge of the weakness of his stomach; and the pose, he is attractive enough to admit, was 'merely ridiculous in me.' But the circumstance raises the question of his physique; and though it is common tradition that to ill health we owe his writing, that, given robustness, he would have roved far seas and climbed high hills, yet, despite his ancestry, it is just possible that this physical inadequacy created in him the idea of adventure, so much more original and tremendous than the fact, endowing with the audacity of literature one who would, under other conditions, have forsworn the audacious in life; and that, unlike the Elizabethans, he wished to burn life up in a blaze because fate had given him so little to put on the fire. Yet certainly it was physical frailty that saved him from beating the moral drum too loud, even if it robbed his style of power, and forced it merely to assume the bluff manners of robustness.

He was magnanimous to error and failure, as a man who has known much sickness can be; and his tenderness, like that of Mrs. Weir, was the rational return of one who always needed love desperately. Few egoists have been less self-sufficient, and it was chiefly his sense of dependency that led him to eschew the outpost duty of the pure artist, and console his frailty amid the cheerful company of men. Possibly the democratic principles of a Scottish education favored such a tendency; and it offered him at least the opportunity for those shrewd summaries of men — American, Caucasian, Indian, French artist, epileptic, or miser. For sketching humanity in the rough he had a deft pencil; nor is his own sympathy ever insular. He can say of the Chinese, 'Their forefathers watched the stars before mine, and begun to keep pigs.' But we see its limitation in his failure to appreciate the stout sufficiency of a Thoreau. Certainly

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the melancholy of the Celt and the Calvinist haunted the confines of his soul, and from them, as from his debility, his only desire was to escape.

Criticism, however, has been too long prejudiced by his pathos: it is the compliment that Stevenson would least have appreciated. That 'low and last estate' of his, which intrigued the sympathies of thousands in *Ordered South*, despite its jovial setting between *Aes Triplex* and *An Apology for Idlers*, drew an attention out of all proportion to its significance; and the spectacle of a sick man so triumphantly preaching the doctrine of health was astounding enough to perpetuate the prejudice. But to understand the handicap of ill health and the influence it had upon his work is one thing; to involve our criticism in a like handicap is the mere folly of sentiment. The true fighter, whether of spiritual or material battles, does not invite sympathy. Such a one was Browning; and the difference between him and Stevenson we would prefer to consider, not as a quality of health, but of stature, of which the one possessed a man's, the other, despite his assumption of maturity, a child's. The battles of the child are almost always pathetic. And while Stevenson's cheerfulness was not so much a self-satisfaction as a necessity, there was a Celtic strain in him which preferred 'to continue to fail in good spirits' to the pitiless posture of success.

It was, again, largely his sense of dependency that led him to appeal to sentiment more often than to truth; his was the intense sensibility of the man of overwrought nerves to the logic of every suggestion, however flaccid. He might well have heeded his own warning: 'When we discern that we can no longer be true, the next best is to be kind.' The response to sentiment is doubtless much more general and immediate; but it can involve its manipulator in such artistic bathos as to say, in the very vision of a vast pine-forested ravine, a foaming river, and a sky colored with the fires of dawn, 'I am usually very calm over the displays of nature, but you will scarcely believe how my heart leaped at this. *It was like meeting one's wife*'; or again, to inscribe on the august tablet of an Aurelius, 'Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much.' Only occasionally could he observe with both pity and accuracy. It is his virtue as a man, his weakness as an artist. Often he would tap at wrong moments the easy reservoir of reminiscence; yet few, we must admit, could express such reminiscence more dramatically, as in the pictures that throng Markheim's mind above the corpse of his victim, or the stream of the past which he prisons so awesomely in the person of Olalla; or with more exquisite dignity in 'We are not content to pass away entirely from the scene of our delight; we would leave, if but in gratitude, a pillar and a legend.'

The munificence of his sympathy, as much as the instinct of his blood, impelled him to those secondary moral ideas which, unlike the elemental principles of Hugo or Scott, merely depressed the spirit of his romance, and confused his vision. His mysticism is both too mild and too wide to pierce often into the inner chamber of the soul; and the interests of a moral, notably in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, were apt to complicate even his cunning. But something both of the mystic and of the casuist in him, as the tale of his childhood shows, left him never content to draw a man and trust to the figure's innate significance. He 'wished to draw a soul,' and we feel to our loss the groping of his anxious fingers. Certainly few finer sermons exist than

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Old Mortality, and few finer parables than *Will o' the Mill*, but when the preacher is cast from his pulpit into a world of active men, his motions, as with David Balfour, are apt still to be a little parochial.

Yet though Stevenson loved 'a young man of a solid gravity of character,' the elf element in him that was at home with 'Brownies,' and the comrade element that sought only 'gentleness and cheerfulness' combined to relieve the rigor of the catechist. He preferred competent vice to incompetent virtue. It was thus the hybrid nature of his egotism that preserved it from tediousness, and his introspection was never solitary enough to be morbid, nor so subtle as to destroy his initiative. Yet it could limit his capacity for heroic creation; he tells how as a boy 'I was a bit puzzled and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now, I know it is myself, and stick to that,' and later, 'The first duty of heroics is to be of your own choosing. When they are not that, they are nothing.' Such a choice necessitates a truly catholic audacity in the chooser; and it explains why his own immature and frustrated manhood handicapped him so much in the creation of men. They are either 'the connoisseur of sunrises,' like Dr. Desprez, or of theatrical effects, like St. Ives — attitudes which can only be truly heroic in youth, or they express 'the schoolmaster that there is in all men to the despair of all girls and most women,' or their manliness is falsely emphasized by a suggestion of the repellent.

For Stevenson seldom imagined a good man who was not a sentimentalist, or a villain who did not lose consequence through his creator's covert admiration. He could never hate nor love to the exclusion of all else. And so his villains are almost as unconvincing as his heroes. Like Milton he was too much attracted by Satan to do justice to a Messiah. For 'in my eagerness to be all things to all men, I am afraid I may have sinned against proportion.' Yet it was just another failure to sin against proportion that destroyed his artist's expression of humanity. He was too widely sympathetic, he lacked the fine vice of prejudice, or the momentary disenchantment of disgust, which made Villon the poet. It is the vital taking of sides, if only for an intense unbalanced moment, that makes the universally minded artist. Stevenson was rather a manifoldly minded man — he was always too just to every point of view to express a single one forever.

To this may be imputed his long inadequacy in the treatment of love as a passion, or of woman as a creature of impulse. The exclusive tyranny of love he was long too prudent to admit. The elemental in a woman's nature his timidity sought to avoid. Is not the courageously genial advice of 'Virginibus Puerisque' that of a middle age which has taken love comfortably in its day, and is it not also the advice of a young man of twenty-five in the heyday of his world? Almost wistfully in his gossip on a Dumas novel does he pay homage to the fair women of others' creation; and yet he could write:

> I was totally in love. She came between me and the sun. She had grown suddenly taller, as I say, but with a wholesome growth; she seemed all health and lightness and brave spirits; and I thought she walked like a young deer, and stood like a birch upon the mountains.

It is the old language of the Celtic world, which here and on the lips of South Sea Islanders, or in the reckless rout of *The Merry Men*, or amid the Highland waste, broke out in this ever

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diverse man to astound our most austere opinions, and in a profounder way spoke that passionless fatalism which in a moment can tumble down his barricade of optimism.

Such are some of the features of the man which led him to a compromise possibly uncongenial to the art of to-day. In the short story his art found a province narrow enough to dominate; in the novel it could only command the situation at intervals, and the 'large features of antiquity' were too massive for its scrupulous fingers. Certainly the inadequacy of mere craft to produce an approximation to truth or to construct the anatomy of life is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in *Prince Otto*, where craft is at its height. The sculptury was so often at war with the architecture. Yet of peerless incident he is the master, whether it be of Seraphina in the pine forest between the waterful and the dawn, or Bernard Huddlestone, the absconding banker, or the waste of marsh that creeps about Gillane sands, or that cry in the woods of Treasure Island which is the most masterly ghost story ever enacted in broad daylight.

He was too generally communicative to write great poetry, as he was too honest with the world as it is, and too devoted to the world as it never could be, ever to create that world of ultimate possibility which is art's. He wrote poetry much as he wrote letters, and sometimes it was mere restlessness that would not be still, but preferred an expansive charitable twaddle to nothing; yet his *Child's Garden of Verse* has the peculiar virtue of being in a real sense written by a child. His criticism is always penetrative, though he is typically more anxious to contest the profligacy of Burns the man than to reveal his perfection as a poet. As a simple essayist, his improvident sympathy, without imperiling his construction, emboldened life to tell him cheerfully of her imperfections: and of his last superb fragment, the hand of death spared enough to persuade us that the victory over his own diversity had been won.

Yet beyond the scruples of any age we value him for the ideal of decency which he preached. He preferred life to a sad questing after immortality, but it was to be a life of honest manners, of goodly fellowship; and he could tell of it without any of 'the freezing immunities of the pulpit.' A sick man — how proudly he excites us to an admiration of health; a child — how lovingly he understood the difficulties of a scheming world; a moralist — how pleasantly he bore the burden of a creed: a slow worker — how heartily he pleads for idleness and how nobly he acclaims impetuosity. He knew 'those small circumstances which seem nothing to another, and are yet the very gist of a man's own life to himself.' It may be a humble knowledge, but it is of more utility to men at large than many an abstruse philosophy. We and posterity can only offer our gratitude to an author who puts us so much at our ease, who does not pretend to difficulty, but tries to combine truth with affection.

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[*The Athenæum*]

'AMERICAN WRITTEN HERE'

BY ANNA BRANSON HILLYARD

THAT will be the sign, neatly lettered in gold, on my office door. I shall use it as a slogan in my arrestingly worded advertisements, and I shall have neat business cards inscribed with it and my name, followed by all the academic letters I can muster. Every novelist in *Who's Who*, nay, every living novelist in Mudie's, will receive one of these cards. And the wise ones will come to consult me whensoever their muse requires that an American speak his native tongue.

My fees will be carefully and inversely scaled by the consultant's importance. From Sir James Barrie, if he will only put an American into one of his plays, I shall ask nothing but the proud joy of knowing that I have helped to preserve an interesting fly in amber. Mr. Arnold Bennett I shall firmly advise to reconsider his rash plan. His readers in the States would not care to see a compatriot in a pretty-ladyish London; and they would be highly incredulous of one in the Five Towns. From Mr. H. G. Wells I shall ask but a trifle, merely stipulating that 'Americanisms by A. B. Hillyard' be printed beneath his name on the title page. Mr. Stephen McKenna will have to pay more; quite a lot more, because his 'labored transatlanticisms' annoy me so much, and I foresee that I shall have a hard time arguing him out of them. Then he may not really arrive, and, consequently, the honor of appearing as his collaborator will not be so satisfying. Lesser lights, of course, will have to pay in proportion to the glory that is reflected upon them by their employment of the expert whom the deans of their profession consult. That principle of remuneration is accepted everywhere.

It was the first chapter of *Mr. Britling* which several years ago suggested this venture to me, and the belated reading of *Sonia* in September which made it imperative. Mr. Wells slips up half a dozen times in his painstaking initial characterization of the American Direck. For instance, in the opening paragraph Mr. Direck's erstwhile love is referred to as Miss Mamie Nelson, though the nickname Mamie went completely into the discard among New Englanders of Direck's class two generations ago, and has been replaced by Molly or Polly, when Mary condescends to a *petit nom*. A page later Direck ejaculates 'Lordy! Lordy! *My word!*' More utterly incongruous exclamations could scarcely be got together, for *Lordy* is of the negroes and the po' whites of the South; while *My word* is of the rather smart highbrows, so-called.

Still in the first chapter, 'Mr. Direck's mind was a little confused . . . by the fact that Mr. Britling spoke of a car when he meant an automobile. He handed his ticket mechanically to the station master. . . .' Now Americans use the word 'car' much more frequently than the word 'automobile'; and no American on his second railway trip in England could possibly hand his ticket to the station master mechanically. He would n't know what a station master was, to begin with; and he would be so surprised at the demand for a ticket after he had left the train that he would probably go through half a dozen pockets before he found it.

'Say, I have n't dropped a brick, have I?' asks Mr. Direck out of the fullness of his consternation at table. One shudders to think of how large a brick Mr. Wells dropped when he put that raw vulgarism into the mouth of

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a near-Bostonian. And later, with complete equanimity, he has his American speak of 'iced water' (the *d* is silent and unseen between the Atlantic and the Pacific), and of 'burthening' his host. There the *d* is always spoken and written.

These are small things, you say. Yes, but it is small things, my masters, that matter in literature and in international relations. I should hesitate to say how many people in the States read *Mr. Britling* in 1916; and how many of them were amused or annoyed as their temperaments went, by these slips of Mr. Wells. Much more blatant errors by a less omniscient person would not have meant so much, but we take Mr. Wells very seriously, and we do not like to have him make mistakes about us.

Mr. Wells's disciple, Mr. McKenna, has his youthfully infallible formula for an American: he makes him say 'for a piece' where an Englishman would say 'for a bit.' The reiteration of that phrase in both *Sonia* and *Midas and Sin* invested my coming to England with all the romantic ardor of a crusade. Not in vain will I have lived, said I to myself, if I can convince the British public that Americans do not go prospecting for a piece, promoting for another piece, and deservedly paralytic for a final piece. There may be farmer folk who say it, but it is emphatically not a characteristic Americanism. We say 'for a while,' or, as you do, 'for a bit.'

And we use the word 'folk' only with an air of kindly patronage, as I have just used it, as you Britishers use it, though Mr. McKenna is quite sure that we say 'our folk' when we mean our people. We don't. Some of us, not so finished of speech as others, say 'our folks,' but we never use the singular.

If I had opened my consulting room before *Sonia* came out, when Mr. McKenna submitted his MSS. to me, I should have had to rewrite entirely the speeches of his Anglo-Mexican American. Such a man, deliberately imitating the Americans he had known in Mexico, would interlard his talk with gringo Spanish. I have lived ten years on the Mexican border, and my tongue will not unlearn its *Quien sabe*, its *bueno*, its *muy pronto*. Between us, Mr. McKenna and I might have made something of that man Morris; but I am afraid we would have summarily ended our collaboration over the wonderful David O'Rane's impersonation of an American business man! One wonders who gave Mr. McKenna his letters of introduction in the States.

There is the record of a quaint misunderstanding of American slang in Mr. Edward Marsh's *Memoirs of Rupert Brooke*. Brooke wrote to him protesting against 'You bet your ——,' in one of his letters to the *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, having been filled out by the editor to 'you bet your boots'; when the unfinished phrase was correctly transatlantic. I puzzled over that for some time: certainly I had never seen or heard the expression, and I know my country rather widely. Light dawned by way of a comic cartoon. It was the classic phrase 'you betcha' (accent heavy on the *bet*) which Brooke was spelling conventionally! But 'you betcha,' when an American stops to analyze it, is 'you bet you,' and is just an imitative second person of 'I bet you,' which in comic-cartoon circles is pronounced and spelled 'I betcha.'

Brooke was over-gentle with our vulgar tag.

The truth is, Simon-pure Britishers cannot write American. Mr. Kipling can, but he married an American wife. That ideal solution of the problem is, unfortunately, available to compara-

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tively few. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett can, but she has spent years in the States. Among the lesser fry, Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Dawson do it excellently for the same reason. The rest of you think that all Americans speak a certain definite dialect of the English language. You hear a bit of slang from the Bowery, an 'I presume' from Boston or an 'I reckon' from Maryland, a fragment of pidgin English from California, and a bronco-busting curse from the Plains; and the next time you write American, you conscientiously put them all into the mouth of a Pennsylvanian. And that, as I said before, amuses or annoys us, as the case may be.

An educated American uses, for the most part, the same phraseology as an educated Englishman; intonation and accent are what really differentiate our speech. There are differences in the choice of words, yes: we say 'while,' you 'whilst'; we say 'I'm not through,' you 'I've not finished'; we are taught from the nursery to say 'Another child and I,' you, frankly egoistic, say 'I and another child.' But these are fairly subtle differences, and you insist on waving a slang-spangled banner over us.

So, until I open my office, one free word of advice to those who would write American. Grant your cousin across the Atlantic the use of simple, straightforward English. And if you must get local color into his speech, remember that there is as much difference between the *argot* of the Californian, of the Texan, and of the New Yorker as there is between that of the Anglo-Indian, of the South African colonist, and of the West-Ender; and that it is best, in the matter of caution, at least, to rank one's self on the side of the angels, in these days of growing friendliness — and some touchiness — between John Bull and Uncle Sam.

[*Les Annales*]

THE VIOLET HOUR

BY HENRI BORDEAUX

UNABLE to make up their minds to return to Paris, the Nouhans remained at their country house in Dauphiny. M. Nouhan spent the day shooting, while Mme. Nouhan, who was of a somewhat retiring disposition, utilized her leisure for promenades in the village, and for reading and music. Nevertheless, the loneliness sometimes weighed upon her. Her husband away, her grown-up sons at school, Mme. Nouhan felt herself driven back upon her inner life, a development which she did not fancy, for her habit of mind was more active than sentimental.

Her day for callers, Saturday, she still retained, but visitors are rare at the end of the season, and the last receiving day brought but an old friend or two come to make a farewell call. And as the day drew to a close, Mme. Nouhan found herself alone in her salon, standing by a great window which overlooked the darkening countryside.

Beyond the lawn, with its border of smouldering salvias, an alley of roses flourished its last flowers, and farther still, lay the sweeping land divided into many colors according to its harvests. Far away, a mountain reared its rocky head. Little by little the varied colors of the picture melted into one tone, a glowing violet, whose harmony the blood-bright salvias alone defied.

Mme. Nouhan would have opened a book, but there was no longer light enough to read by. Her eyes traveled once more to the fields. What were her thoughts on beholding the sweet, calm beauty of the autumnal night? What chords did the twilight hour

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wake in her monotonous and regular life? She was not in the habit of letting nature sway her. Immobile, she studied the scene.

A sudden voice startled her.

'I was looking for you in this half light.'

Mme. Nouhan woke from her reverie, and greeted her nearest neighbor, Michel Geraldy, whose wife was one of her close friends.

'Madeleine did not come with you?'

I came on foot — through the oaks. She does not care for walking, while I adore, above all at this season and at this time — the violet hour.'

'The violet hour?'

'Why, yes. Don't you see? Everything is violet now from the cliffs of the mountains to the ploughed fields. I say an hour, yet the color lasts for scarce a quarter of an hour before the onhurrying night destroys it.

'Yes,' replied Mme. Nouhan, 'the evening is at hand, for us as well as for the world.'

Somewhat astonished at this phrase, for he had always known Mme. Nouhan as calm and gay, Geraldy approached her and said:

'I say! You must be feeling the approach of All Souls. What were you thinking of as you stood there alone?'

'Of something a little sad and a little ridiculous. I am forty years old to-day.'

'To-day?'

'Yes. Come, why don't you protest? Perhaps you thought I had turned forty long ago.'

'How you wrong me! I read somewhere once that Chateaubriand, in an excess of gloom, replied to a lady who asked him the cause of his melancholy: "I am forty years old to-day." Only Chateaubriand had then left the forty some years behind.'

'You mean then to pretend that I ——'

'Dear lady, have patience. You who are so innocent of all coquetry might well say that you had reached forty several years before you had actually done so in order that others might be less tempted to seek you. But the scheme will fail, for you are young, you alone do not know this.'

'Come, come — you are turning your jest into a compliment. Let us not add years to the number rightly ours.'

'Well, then, let us assume these forty years. Since you are not changed. What is there sad or ridiculous about them?'

'I was not thinking of that.'

'What were you thinking of, then?'

'That is hard to tell.'

'I will help you.'

'I was saying to myself, when you came in the doorway, "I am forty years old to-day. Life has not been hard to me. My youth is dead, yet no one has ever made me an avowal of love."'

'What? You must have failed to hear it.'

'The end, yes. I would not have listened. But no one ever began.'

'Once begun — an avowal cannot be unheard.'

'In the street — no one knows who you are. I have never attracted attention, never been followed. Nobody ever bothered himself about me. And my isolation of which I was proud enough, seems to me to-day a little sad and a little ridiculous. Yet I am happy and I love my husband. But I feel my husband ought to be here on my fortieth birthday.'

'Poor Pierre, he knows nothing about it. He is contented with his shooting. How strange you are, you, the most honest of women!'

'Do not scorn me.'

'Not for worlds. I meant no ill word.'

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'I do not mean quite that. At my age, the mould of life has hardened, and I cannot see why I am sentimentalizing over myself, when I have two grown-up sons to occupy my time. I simply say that it is not difficult to be virtuous. One must simply have the air of being so.'

'It is quite possible that one should have a virtuous air. But few women have that air — completely. Those who have it are respected like works of art. That silence of which you complain is the truest homage, and now shall I make you a confidence?'

'It is your turn.'

'We have known each other for nearly fifteen years.'

'Yes, something like that.'

'I was happy that you were Madeleine's friend and, in consequence, mine. I thought that I had beheld you and appreciated you once and for all. Our relations were the simplest of settled affairs. This understood, I enjoyed our intimacy in all confidence. Then one day — three or four years ago — I found you here; you who had always seemed so brave and gay, I found cast down and melancholy. We talked a little, then I rose, and after some hesitation, took my leave. That's all.'

'All?'

'Yes. But for a few minutes you had ceased to be the charming, intangible, and hedged about being whom I had always known, the being to whom I could not pay court without a sense of shame. You were a delicate, lovely and sensitive woman. I was afraid, not for you, but for myself, and I stole away.'

'You are jesting — you the happiest of men.'

'Doubtless, I am happy, very happy. But the habit of happiness may bring passion in its train. The heart needs stirring. For some time I ceased calling.'

'Yes, I remember that.'

'Then, little by little, things became as they were. Your eyes were so fearless, and you were so far away, that you helped me to find peace again. You boasted a while ago that you had never heard an avowal. Here is one. It is true that it is retrospective.'

Both were silent. Night fell. Mme. Nouhan broke the tense silence.

'And I listened — to the end. Now go, I beg of you. There is something changed between us.'

'Not at all! Why silence the truth?'

'You cannot know. While you were speaking I thought of the past, the dead past, when I might not have been so sure of myself as I am now at forty years. And I am a little ashamed. Ah, how terrible it is to feel one's fragility, though once and only once!'

'Do not be alarmed, Mathilde.'

'Monsieur?'

'Oh, pardon. You have but to turn on the electric light to find peace once more.'

'So that you may see me. Am I then so old?'

'No, not that. But you will see better into yourself. We have, as the outer world has, a violet hour. It lasts but an instant.'

Mme. Nouhan turned on the light.

'Yes,' said she, 'it is over and gone.

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[*The Observer*]

THE NEW WORLD OF SPACE AND TIME

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

THE term 'dimension' is used in a technical scientific sense, as well as in its ordinary vague significance as a sort of equivalent for 'size.' That last is quite alien from the technical meaning. By the 'dimensions' of a physical quantity we mean the way in which the fundamental units of mass length and time enter into the specification of that quantity. Thus the dimensions of velocity are length divided by time — the ratio of distance traveled to time taken. Speed can be expressed in miles per hour or feet per second or kilometres per annum, or in any units whatever so long as they involve the ratio of length to time. Units are arbitrary, some are handier than others, in that they simplify mere arithmetic; but their selection is unessential. Dimensions are not arbitrary, and are selected by nature. You can express a length in centimetres or inches or millions of miles, and it shall be the same length — it may be the distance of the sun or the width of a table. What you cannot do is to express a length in acres or quarts; the attempt would be nonsense. Size of unit is merely a matter of convenience; it is the dimensions or nature of the unit that is essential. You can express the national debt in farthings, if you like, but you cannot express it in yards.

This, which is so obvious in simple cases, is liable to be forgotten or ignored in more complex ones; people worry about the units instead of attending to dimensions. Any unit will do, so long as it is defined and specified, provided it is of the right dimension. The volume of a sphere is inexpressible in linear feet. A force cannot be expressed as a mass. The intensity of gravity must needs be of the dimension of acceleration — the ratio of a velocity to a time. Popularly it may be handy to speak of the force of a ton, but you really mean not the ton of matter itself but its weight, the force with which the earth pulls it. The intensity of gravity is necessarily involved in any complete specification of weight. The dimensions of force are mass multiplied by length and divided by time squared. Anything less complex than that is inaccurate and incomplete — a shorthand convention or slang, not an absolute measure — like a draper's 'six eleven three.'

What then is meant by the dimensions of space? Space signifies room to move about. The conception is derived from our muscular sense, just as the conception of force is derived. If an exertion of our muscles only results in statical pressure, we know that we are exerting force. If we exert our muscles and find our limbs free and unimpeded, we know they are moving through space. And we have an idea of how fast they are moving, by our sensations too. The exertion of walking a mile or running a hundred yards gives us an idea both of distance and of speed, and so incidentally introduces the conception of time as derived from the two primary sensations of motion and speed.

We can move in three directions —

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to and fro, right and left, up and down. No more. Hence, by experiment and observation, space is found to have three dimensions. Any volume can, therefore, be expressed in cubic inches, or cubic miles, or pints, or gallons, or anything convenient for some practical purpose. You can travel in a north and south line, and in an east and west line, and you can climb up or down; or, of course, you can combine these motions in any fashion you please. A solid object has length, breadth, and thickness. These it must have, and it cannot have more. Existing space, as revealed to us by our senses, has three dimensions. It may be called cubical, because it has the same dimension as a cube or any other solid.

But is the evidence of our senses conclusive as to reality? By no means. They are capable of informing us that so much exists; they do not enable us to deny that more exists. For instance, they tell us of the presence of matter, they do not tell us of the presence of ether. Yet we have valid reason for knowing that the ether is just as substantial as matter, only it does not make itself felt. Though, by the way, it does in truth indirectly affect the eye, else we might have known nothing about it. There are probably many kinds of existence of which we do know nothing. Our senses are very far from revealing everything that exists; they themselves rose in the struggle for existence, not for the purpose of scrutinizing and philosophizing on the Universe. Our minds must do that. And our minds enable us, or seem to enable some of us, to imagine more dimensions — not, indeed, of actual space, but of an ideal, enlarged, more comprehensive 'something' which for lack of another word we are accustomed to call super-space or space of more than three dimensions. Mathematicians have been known to deal in nine dimensions, and to deduce valid results (I am thinking of the late Professor Sylvester and his British Association address at Exeter). It is not for us ordinary mortals to say them nay.

We can at least emulate them in imagining *less* than three dimensions, as Dr. Abbott among others did in his well-known and popular *Flat-land*. A superficial creature inhabiting a surface, say, a soap film, through which a clean wet wire is being poked, would only be aware of the section of the wire actually in his limited two-dimensional space. If the wire is crooked or spiral or oddly shaped, and is steadily pushed through the film, the observed section will move about in the film, and the superficial inhabitant will interpret the phenomenon in terms of two-dimensional motion and time. He will know nothing of the rest of the wire, and will have no suspicion that what he is observing is really the result of a motion of a solid object in a third dimension of space. He would know nothing of solidity or thickness. He is not wrong as far as he goes, he describes motion in his own plane truly, but his conception of real existence is incomplete.

Many a quadruped is practically limited to a two-dimensional existence in a sense — the surface of the earth. Cows and pigs enclosed in a high wall or fence are empounded; they cannot get out. A gap in the fence is needed to liberate them. But a bird in the same predicament would experience no difficulty at all. A prison made of floor walls and roof is a complete enclosure for human beings; but a fourth dimensional being, thus empounded, would escape in what to him would be an obvious manner.

The fourth dimension, supplementary to length, breadth, and thickness — what Dr. Abbott called 'throughth' — is, strictly speaking, inconceivable to

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us, but that may be only due to the limitation of our senses and dearth of experience.

It is safest not to dogmatize, either way, concerning the possibilities of inconceivable dimensions. And if it ever happens that miracles are performed or observed such as we cannot account for — the extraction of an object from a sealed globe, for instance — we may some day possibly have to extend our categories and admit that there may be not only a possibility but actually some kind of reality in the existence of more dimensions than we know. It is a question whether we are approaching some such idea now. But it is still only a question.

Meanwhile, analytically, mathematicians find it easy to deal with as many dimensions as they please. They have long written down x y and z as the three coördinates which specify the position of a point. Everyone knows that two of these three coördinates, x and y, are sufficient to specify a point in a plane or a place on a map — latitude and longitude in fact. Two will do for any surface or apparent surface, like the sky. They suffice to point a telescope, they partly suffice to aim a gun. But in the latter case 'range' has to be considered too; and if we want to specify the real position of a star, we must know its distance as well as its direction; and, strangely enough, we can observe motion in the line of sight, that is, a rate of variation in the third dimension. Latitude, longitude, and altitude might specify the top of a mountain, or locate a treasure sunk in the sea.

But suppose we were specifying the position of a balloon or a comet. The three lengths just mentioned would only give us the position at a single instant. A second later it has moved. How are we to specify its position continually? Only by a curve — an orbit — combined with a statement about speed. We must introduce the idea of time. The coördinates x y z are not enough — a fourth t is necessary. Given a relation between all four — an equation between x y z and t — and we have a complete specification of the motion of a heavenly body; its orbit is known. Its position at any time can be assigned. Or, if lost, it could be refound from the equation.

But then, someone may object, time is not a fourth dimension of space, it is a different thing altogether.

Yes, it is, as far as our three-dimensional space is concerned. But not so in a hyper-space of four dimensions. In that inconceivable kind of space what we call time would be a steady variation of the fourth coördinate; like the pushing of the wire through the film. A fourth-dimensional being would see the whole phenomenon occurring, which we interpret as the stream of time. He would see the part that had gone through the film (as it were) and the part that was about to go through. Knowing our limitations, he might surmise that we should call the one the past, and the other the future; and that only the instantaneous section of which we were aware could be called the present. But it would be all 'present' to him; he would see as a simultaneity what we see as a succession. Yet he would know *why* we saw it as a succession in time, and would not deny that time was a reality.

Some rough notion of a simultaneity perceived as a succession is obtainable by considering a steadily moving traveler, on, say, the Nile. He sees the landscapes arrive, and disappear, and he might fancifully liken this progression to the past, the present, and the future. He might even seriously speak of the inexorable stream of time — provided he was born on the boat and could not change its drift.

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Undoubtedly, the mathematician can work out and express the history of a solar system or of an atomic universe — amenable to the reign of mechanical force, *vis a tergo*, and determinate necessity — in terms of four dimensions.

And one of these dimensions will be what is called 'imaginary' with respect to the other three. When discussing motion in a straight line, anything off that line is an imaginary region, and its position is indicated by an imaginary quantity, some multiple of the square root of minus one.

So also when working (as we daily do) in three dimensions, a fourth dimension must involve a $\sqrt{-1}$ coefficient to distinguish it from the others. And so it is in all the theories — Einstein-Minkowski's among others. In Minkowski's recent theory this fourth coördinate definitely takes the shape of an imaginary velocity, $ct\sqrt{-1}$, a motion of something unknown through a fourth dimension — an imaginary motion with the velocity of light — interacting with our ordinary space; just like my rod and film analogy.

These imaginary quantities, when properly dealt with, introduce no confusion; they are helpful; and in the end, when interpretation into practical consequences is wanted, they always drop out. They are powerful intermediate weapons — auxiliaries — like the scaffolding which enables us to build a house or a bridge, and which is removed when the structure is finished. Removed they must be, if we are going to be satisfied with space of three dimensions; otherwise they may be retained, and the imaginary quantity regarded as in some sense real.

Let it not be regarded as certain, however, that the existence of a fourth dimension is necessarily bound up with Einstein's theory. It is a convenient way of mathematically expressing that theory, but I judge that it can be expressed by a suitable complication of our measurements of time and space without necessarily involving time as an aspect of a fourth dimension. Einstein's theory essentially depends on a changing system of coördinates, and on the hypothesis that whatever queer coördinates we choose the result will be the same. Four variables are undoubtedly involved; but so they are in any system of dynamics. Only usually we discriminate between space and time, and we deal with forces and inertia.

Ingenuity is required to dispense with inertia and to treat force as a property of space. Whether it turn out valuable ingenuity, in the long run, time will show. Meanwhile the new method is justifying itself by results; and if a warped space is a reality, more than three dimensions must somehow exist.

I have just said that equations in four variables fully express the working of an inorganic universe (the idea is known to philosophers as 'Laplace's Calculator'); but what about the actions and movements of live things — of human beings or of a common fly? Can those motions be thoroughly and fully expressed in terms of four or any number of dimensions? In other words: Is the future all settled beforehand, and only waiting to be 'pushed through' into our three-dimensional ken? Is there no element of contingency? No free will? I am talking geometry, not theology, and it would be a stupid mistake to pretend to decide questions of high reality by aid of mere groping analogies and mathematical analysis. Parenthetically, however, and for myself, I would say that I believe in a subordinate element of contingency; that the happenings of the future are partially decided by voluntary actions in the present; that the future, though already in some

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way existent or inferable, is dependent on what has gone before, and is not an inexorable, dull, completely pre-arranged mechanical necessity, that has to go through the solemn farce of obtruding itself on our perception —'the hollow form of taking place.' A universe so constituted would lack interest and be un-Divine. The idea could hardly have been formulated save as a concession to human faculties, which have found a perennial difficulty in reconciling the two apparently incompatible things, Free-will and Fore-knowledge.

There are many other puzzles which we are unable completely to resolve at present. Let us not discard facts of conscious experience because of some theoretical difficulty in understanding them.

Reference to such subjects in this connection may be pardoned, simply and solely as a caution against drawing conclusions from what it may be possible for mathematicians to do, and what it is possible for our limited imagination to conceive. The full truth of reality is not to be limited by our notions, nor can it be ascertained in any such sidelong fashion. Suffice it to say that whether we use three coördinates and a separate conception of time, or whether we use four coördinates *ab initio* — so as to involve time as the human aspect of one of the dimensions of a super-space — is mainly at present a matter of convenience. If one method gives us more power, if the complexities of the atomic and electric and ethereal universe are made more tractable by our ingeniously artificial machinery of calculation — then that machinery is justified. The fact that we can in any way deal with more than three dimensions of space seems to render it rather possible that more dimensions exist. It is not likely that our conceptions — if they be clear conceptions — shall transcend reality. The Universe may be infinite in an infinite number of ways, and the little that we as yet know of it only makes us greedy to know more.

All in good time. The human race has not been in existence very long; it began its scientific studies very recently (our schools have hardly begun them yet); it is still scraping on the surface of things, the three-dimensional surface of things; some time may yet elapse before it succeeds in digging down effectively into what may be the deeper reality of a fourth dimension.

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TALK OF EUROPE

A BRITISH firm once contracted to deliver a piece of machinery in Tokio, but because of some unavoidable delay, was unable to live up to its contract. Fearing lest the Japanese consignees should make efforts to collect the money indemnity due them for non-delivery, the Japanese agent of the British firm, sent to the home office a suggestion for avoiding payment. Mr. E—— is the English agent of the same firm also stationed in Japan.

'Regarding the matter of escaping penalty for non-delivery of machine, there is a way to creep round same by diplomat. We must make a statement of big strike occur in our factory (of course big untrue). Please address my firm in enclosed form of letter and believe this will avoid penalty of case. As Mr. E—— is a most religious and competent man and also heavily upright and godly it fears me that useless apply for his signature. Please attach name by Yokohama office making forge, but no cause to fear prison happening as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity.

'It is highest unfortunate Mr. E—— so godlike and excessive awkward for business purpose. I think much better add little serpentlike wisdom to upright manhood and so found a good busness edifice.'

In these few sentences lies all the wisdom of the East applied to all the wisdom of the West.

O LITTLE boy who threw a stone
At Socrates, and hit Euphron;
Who, wounded in the lower calf,
Went home and beat his better half;

Who ran into the street and cried,
While, passing on the other side,
A poet made a couplet, bright
But cynical, upon the sight;

Which tiniest of pleasantries
Came safely down the centuries,
Almost undamaged by the way
(Though Tragedies have gone astray),

And exercises brains that loom
In the Museum Reading Room;
Or poses as an epigram
For purposes of an exam.

And that it was that floored me, sure
(And really it is most obscure):
Ploughed! And, observe, from far B.C.
That furrow pointed straight for Me!

So, while I vainly try to guess
Why the twin portals of Success
(As all authorities insist)
Are Particle and Aorist;

And note in all my kinsmen's eyes
Every emotion but surprise,
I write, lest you should censure me,
This devious apostrophe:

O boy (as I remarked before),
Had you but stayed within the door,
Or had you been a better shot,
Or chosen another sage to pot,

I'd not been in this horrid fix;
And, therefore, from beyond the Styx,
Consider well the curious chain
Of circumstance that links us twain:

And how that stone you can't replace
Careers in Time as once in Space —
A devastating Comet: who
Will be the next it bangs into?

And all you boys of later days,
So rash in various sorts of ways,
Remember trouble's on the wing
Whenever you do anything.

R. B.

HAS an artist ever existed who has seen his ideal turned into a commercial success without its being in some way debased? It is hard to think of one, and hardest of all to imagine a pure artistic ideal surviving in the atmosphere of the modern theatre. But this is what Reinhardt's admirers and

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coöperators appear to claim for him in a book compiled by them and recently published in Berlin.

The book consists of a series of chapters dealing with the different aspects of Reinhardt's work at the Deutsches Theatre, giving descriptions of a number of productions and concluding with a chapter on the 'workshop,' in which the mechanical construction of the stage and the lighting are outlined.

The illustrations recall many a short-lived attempt at artistic stage production in England, but, most inevitably and most vividly, they recall the ideals of Gordon Craig — that exhibition of his masks and models at the Leicester Galleries in September, 1912; his book *On the Art of the Theatre;* those attractive numbers of the *Mask*.

Reinhardt's work cannot fail to remind us of Gordon Craig, but, and this is significant, Gordon Craig's designs never suggest the productions of Reinhardt. How much the German producer owes to the English artist it is difficult to determine, but there can be no doubt that the debt is there. And yet the name of Gordon Craig is not once mentioned in this appreciation of Reinhardt. Indeed, Heinz Herald, in the first chapter on the *Conception of a Scenario*, goes so far as to say, 'Nature has endowed him (Reinhardt) with the talent, the power, and the courage to take the development of the theatre of our period on his shoulders.' Such a claim is hardly justified by facts.

Many of the illustrations are delightful, as, for instance, the designs for the ballot, *Die Grüne Flöte* and for the fantasy *Rappelkopf*, but a glance at the photographic reproduction of other scenarios sets one speculating as to the extent to which these suggestions were vulgarized when they were presented on the stage of the Deutsches Theatre. These photographs explain many things: they make comprehensible Gordon Craig's desire that actors should wear masks; they also throw light on a remark in *A Living Theatre*, to the effect that Gordon Craig had to abandon the idea of producing *King Lear* and *Œdipus* in Berlin because he 'would make no compromise.'

No, Craig cannot compromise, but Reinhardt *can*, and that, broadly speaking, is the gulf which divides them. Craig is an artist first and always, Reinhardt is a clever man with artistic perceptions and a *flair* for the popular taste. He can tickle the public fancy and the public vanity at one and the same time; his audiences can enjoy his productions with the added satisfaction of feeling that they are showing their artistic appreciation in so doing.

Gordon Craig, in a recent letter to the *Observer*, pointed out that Reinhardt is not a man, but a firm, and this is amply borne out by the present volume; he is a firm, and a very successful firm, the members of which have certain artistic standards to which they prefer to adhere, but who are not prepared to deny their public that 'riot' of color and elaboration of design which they have led it to expect from them.

THE following résumé of Schnitzler's latest comes from the columns of the *London Times*.

Casanovas Heimfahrt is not a comedy; there is nothing satirical or farcical about it. It is an episode from the life of the famous adventurer, criminal, and writer, entirely invented by Schnitzler, but obviously written after a careful study and absorption of Casanova's autobiography — that faithful reflection of the scholarly, blackguardly, utterly immoral, witty, unscrupulous man that he was — and age that he lived in. The title of the 'novelle' comes from the fact that the time of the action is chosen at the moment when Casanova is returning to Venice from Mantua, after years of enforced exile. At the latter city he falls in with an old friend, Olivo, whose wife had been Casanova's lover. He has, however, lost all love for her. His fierce affection has fallen on a young girl, Marcolina, who is staying with Olivo. She is reputed a bluestocking, and does, indeed, surprise Casanova by the erudition she displays in discussing with him his proposed reply to Voltaire. Her learning does not diminish his passion, and he watches to see whether her reputation is sustained. He soon finds that Marcolina is in the habit of receiving a young soldier, Lorenzi, who escapes from her room at dawn. With him

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Casanova makes a shameful bargain, in consideration of writing off his heavy debt at cards. But Marcolina discovers the deception, and Lorenzi, regretting his weakness and shame, attacks Casanova with a dagger. In the fight that ensues Lorenzi, however, is killed and Casanova continues his homeward journey to Venice, where he is warmly welcomed after so many years of absence and amorous adventure in almost all the great cities of Europe. The story is, of course, unpleasant. But so is the life of Casanova. That is, perhaps, all that can be said. Schnitzler has, in a 'long short story' of remarkable technical achievement, summed up a disgusting character.

Among the dark and brilliant leaves
Where flowers seem tinsel firework-sheaves

Blond barley-sugar children stare
Through shining apple-trees, and there

A lady like a golden wind
Whose hair like apples tumbles kind

And whose bright name, so I believe,
Is sometimes Venus, sometimes Eve,

Stands, her face furrowed like my own
With thoughts wherein strange seeds are sown

Whence, long since, stars for bright flowers grew
Like periwinkles pink and blue

(Queer impulses of bestial kind,
Flesh indivisible from mind).

I, painted like the wooden sun
Must hand-in-hand with angels run —

The tinsel angels of the booth
That lead poor yokels to the truth

Through raucous jokes till we can see
That narrow, long eternity

Is but the whip's lash o'er our eyes
Spurring to new vitalities!

Edith Sitwell.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Information regarding the authors of the political articles will be found in the paragraphs grouped under the general title 'A Week of the World.'

* * *

Arnold Bennett and **Henri Bordeaux** are novelists who require no special introduction to American readers.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge is now lecturing in America.

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[*To-day*]

THY HILL LEAVE NOT

BY JOHN FREEMAN

Thy hill leave not, O Spring,
Nor longer leap down to the new-green'd Plain.
Thy western cliff-caves keep
O Wind, nor branch-borne Echo after thee complain
With grumbling wild and deep.
Let Blossom cling
Sudden and frozen round the eyes of trees,
Nor fall, nor fall.
Be still each Wing,
Hushed each call.

So it was ordered, so
Hung all things silent, still;
Only Time earless moved on, stepping slow
Up the scarpèd hill,
And even Time in a long twilight stayed
And, for a whim, that whispered whim obeyed.

There was no breath, no sigh,
No wind lost in the sky
Roamed the horizon round.
The harsh dead leaf slept noiseless on the ground,
By unseen mouse nor insect stirred
Nor beak of hungry bird.
Then were voices heard
Mingling as though each
Earth and grass had individual speech.
— Has evening fallen so soon,
And yet no moon?
— No, but hark: so still
Was never the Spring's voice adown the hill!
I do not feel her waters tapping upon
The culvert's under stone.
— And if 't is not yet night a thrush should sing.
— Or if 't is night the owl should his far echo bring
Near, near.— And I
Should know the hour by his long-shaking distant cry.
— But how should echo be? The air is dead,
No song, no wing,
— No footfall overhead
Of beast — Or laborer passing, and no sound
Of laborer's Good-night, Good-night, Good-night!
— That we, here underground,
Take to ourselves and breathe unheard Good-night!
— O, it is lonely now with not one sound
'Neath the arched profound,
— No throttled note
Sweet over us to float,
— No shadow treading light
Of man, beast, bird.
— If, earth in dumb earth, lie we here unstirred,
— Why, brother, it were death renewed again
If sun nor rain,
— O death undying, if no dear human touch nor sound
Fall on us underground!

[*Country Life*]

HOLIDAY

My soul slipped off a-pleasuring.
From this land of sullen heat
To the home-land, gray and sweet,
Went my soul with eager feet,
Time nor distance measuring.
Left a sunrise, clouds aflame,
For a sunset, faintly fair;
Down the well-known path she came,
Through the shadowy air.
Lingered where the bluebell sea
Washes through the little wood,
For a trancèd moment stood —
Then returned to me.

[*The New Witness*]

FROM 'CONCERNING DRAGONS'

O child, nurse lies to thee,
For dragons thou shalt see.
Please God that on that day
Thou may'st a dragon slay.
Then if thou dost not faint,
God shall not want a saint.

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